

# CHIMES



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

1947





# CHIMES

JUNE, 1947



## SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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#### CHIMES STAFF

FIRST ROW: V. Mongeau, V. Goddard, J. Keyes, A. Dolan, J. Tyler, E. Fleming, F. Quinn, G. Hill, N. Wyman.

SECOND ROW: P. Goddard, P. Nord, J. Flynn, L. Cerilli, S. Damon, S. Smith, G. Luce, S. Chadbourne, R. Mills, A. Dunphy, M. Roy.

THIRD ROW: L. Merritt, N. Gilley, P. Cahir, R. Devine, H. Fettig, V. Day, D. Heywood, T. Breen, L. Reddy, J. Holcomb, J. Bamber.

#### CHIMES STAFF

**Editor-in-Chief**  
Janice Tyler

**Assistant Editor**  
Alette Dolan

**Business Manager**  
Jane O'Neill

**Assistant Business Managers**  
Frances Quinn      Betty Fleming  
Verdella Goddard      Jane Keyes

**Literary Editors**  
Jean Holcomb      Joanne MacDonald  
Donald Heywood

**Dramatics**  
Shirley Damon

**School News**  
Patricia Cahir      Laura Cerilli

**Alumni Editors**  
Gladys Hill      Louise Reddy

**Boys' Sports**  
Thomas Breen      Robert Devine

**Exchange Editor**  
Deborah Andrews

**Girls' Sports**  
Virginia Day      Patricia Goddard  
Mary Roy

**Art Editor**  
Shirley Chadbourne

**Joke Editors**  
Carol Cross      Gloria Luce

#### Class Editors

Class of 1947 — Virginia Mongeau, Nancy Wyman, Howard Fettig

Class of 1948 — Jon Flynn, Josephine Miles

Class of 1949 — Frances Dyer, Nancy Gilley

Class of 1950 — Richard Mills, Sandra Smith

Grade 7A and B — Joyce Bamber, Peter Nord      Grade 8A and B — Arthur Dunphy, Mary Luce



## FACULTY

FIRST ROW: Mrs. Dolan, Miss Rowell, Mr. Benson, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Wilcox, Miss Hawkes, Miss Harrington.

SECOND ROW: Mrs. Williams, Miss Moulton, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hawes, Mr. Stewart, Miss Cunneen, Miss Dudley.

THIRD ROW: Miss Giles, Miss Gile, Miss Vollmer, Miss Kingsbury, Mrs. Wilder.

## THE FACULTY

Frederick A. Calkin, B.S., Ed.M.	<i>Principal</i>	Ruth E. Moulton, B.P.E.	
Laurence A. Benson, A.B.	<i>Industrial Arts</i>		<i>Physical Education, History</i>
Anne L. Cunneen, Hyannis Teachers College		Richard M. Rogers, B.B.A.	
	<i>English</i>		<i>Commercial Subjects</i>
Bessie M. Dudley, A.B.	<i>English</i>	Gertrude Reynolds, Mus.B.	<i>Vocal Music</i>
Eleanor Gile, A.B.	<i>English, History</i>	Doris M. Rowell, B.S. in Ed., Certificate of Painting	<i>Art, Mechanical Drawing</i>
Elizabeth Giles, B.S. in Ed.			
	<i>Mathematics, Science</i>	Edward L. Stewart, A.B.	
Esther M. Harrington, A.B., Ed.M.			<i>Science, Physical Education</i>
	<i>Latin, French</i>	Ella Vinal, B.S., M.A.	
Wilton G. Hawes, B.S., M.A.	<i>Mathematics</i>		<i>History, Pre-Flight Aeronautics</i>
Ruth E. Hawkes, B.S.	<i>Commercial Subjects</i>	Carol Vollmer, B.S. in Ed.	
Mary S. Kingsbury, B.S.	<i>Household Arts</i>		<i>Geography, Hygiene</i>
Donald Leach, B. U. College of Music		Erroll K. Wilcox, B.S.	<i>Science</i>
	<i>Instrumental Music</i>	Maud C. Williams, A.B.	<i>History, Civics</i>



## CLASS OF 1947

*Virginia Mongeau, Nancy Wyman*

WE, the students of the Class of '47, in order to form in your minds a better understanding of this year's Seniors, establish amity, provide the opportunity to observe our work, promote good will, and secure your blessings for our future, do ordain and establish this document for your benefit.

### ARTICLE I.

#### GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS

##### SECTION I. GREETINGS

- To Lil Baker in her freshman year from Nova Scotia.
- To Bub Jenkins in his sophomore year from Marshfield.
- To Burt Simmons in his freshman year from Pembroke.
- To George Cobbett in his junior year from Rockland.

##### SECTION 2. FAREWELLS

- To Olive Dolan in her junior year to a trade school.
- To the Hill twins in their sophomore year to California.
- To Richard Brown in his freshman year to the Navy.
- To Don Kennedy in his junior year to Thayer.
- To Connie Parsons in her freshman year to Florida.
- To Chris Weeks in his sophomore year to Andover.
- To Eddie Soule in his sophomore year to California.
- To Betsy Peggs in her junior year to Maine.
- To Joe Arcana in his sophomore year to the Navy.
- To Rocco Fresina in his sophomore year to the Navy.

### ARTICLE II.

#### OFFICERS AND ADVISERS

##### SECTION 1. OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	.....	Bob Glynn
<i>Vice President</i>	.....	Larry Dwyer
<i>Secretary</i>	.....	Jane O'Neill
<i>Treasurer</i>	.....	Jean Holcomb

##### SECTION 2. ADVISERS

Mr. Wilcox                      Miss Rowell

### ARTICLE III. SPORTS

#### SECTION 1. FOOTBALL

We want you to know that the reason we came out so well in football is that we had such stars as Bub Jenkins, who made a total

of 73 points this season; Buttons Ewell, playing his fourth straight year of outstandingly-good, fast football; Vinny Dunphy, Larry Dwyer, "Slick" Atkins, Bob Devine, Frankie Cole, Tom Bell, Terry Butler, and Tommy Breen representing the Senior Class. We are all sorry that Bob Glynn was not in there fighting this year, but "time waits for no one."

#### SECTION 2. BOYS' BASKETBALL

It was lucky for Scituate that the age limit was extended allowing George Cobbett to play most of the season. He was a great asset to the team, making a grand total of 186 points in 12 games. Terry Butler was another one of our forwards who was "semper in globo." Jimmy Goddard, the lad who broke his glasses in the Cohasset game, proved himself to be a very dependable guard. Vinny Dunphy played a good, fast game of basketball as shown at Hanover. Howard Fettig and Bob Devine certainly did their part to spur the team on!

#### SECTION 3. GIRLS' HOCKEY

Here are the seniors who helped win the South Shore Championship in 1946: Pat Cahir, Cynthia Chadbourne, Ligi Goddard, Jean Holcomb, Pat Manning, Annette Milliken, Ginny Mongeau, and Nancy Wyman.

#### SECTION 4. GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Calm, cool, collected Jeanie Holcomb; dead-eye Patty Cahir; scoreless Nancy Wyman; tiny Ginny Mongeau; sparky Deb Andrews; fiery Ligi Goddard; speedy, ever-present Annette Milliken; the point-scoring guard Cynthia Chadbourne; dependable Pat Manning; and peppy Shirley Turner "dood it again"!! They really did! They kept up Scituate girls' basketball record, winning the South Shore pennant for the sixth straight year. No, we're not forgetting that junior who's a wonderful player and all the rest that did more than their share to help us so we could get the championship.

#### SECTION 5. CHEERLEADERS

Nancy Wyman, Annette Milliken, Ginny Mongeau, Debby Andrews, Gladys Hill, and

Annelaine Limper spent many a Saturday night last fall soothing their irritated throats. Yes! These were the Senior representatives on the cheerleading squad which has been very successfully led by Nancy Wyman for the past two years.

#### ARTICLE IV. THE ACADEMIC SIDE

##### SECTION 1. OUR STATE ELECTION

We hope we haven't led you to believe that we are entirely athletic and not at all academic. On the contrary, we have accomplished much in our classes. We, as history students, included the whole school in a worth-while project to familiarize the entire student body, as well as ourselves, with the principles of voting. We conducted an election within the school in which, imitating the state procedure, we voted for the candidates in last fall's state election.

##### SECTION 2. SOCIALIZED MEDICINE

The Class of '47 also brought before the school the all-important question of "Socialized Medicine" by putting on two debates in assembly on the topic. Those who partook in these, one for the junior high and one for the high school, were the winners of a series of debates held in class. They were Richie Rencurrel, Terry Butler, Annette Milliken, Debbie Andrews, Bob Devine, Isabelle Murphy, Pat Cahir, and Larry Dwyer.

##### SECTION 3. HONOR STUDENTS

In our class there are a couple of kids who get all "A's" in their subjects. However, there is one remarkable difference between our geniuses and the usual run, and that is that they're both a lot of fun, and don't have their noses in a book all the time. In fact, Terry Butler goes out for all the sports (and is good at all of them, by the way) and Annelaine Limper is a cheerleader and has had the lead in many a school play. Good luck, both of you! You'll get to the top.

##### SECTION 4. THE VETERANS

We have two veterans that have come back to dear old S. H. S. Paul Mahoney and John Spange both left school towards the beginning of their senior year, to help Uncle Sam, and now they are back to complete their year's work. These ex-servicemen deserve a lot of credit. While in the Navy, Dick Dwyer received the necessary points to graduate, so he also is receiving his diploma with us.

#### ARTICLE V. MISCELLANEOUS

##### SECTION 1.

##### SENIOR STUDENT COUNCIL MEMBERS

Bob Devine—President.  
Frank Cole—Vice President  
Annette Milliken  
Jean Holcomb  
Pat Cahir

##### SECTION 2. THE KEY CLUB

A Key Club was organized this year by the Kiwanis club, and Laurence Dwyer had the honor of being its first president. Four other Seniors, David Mahoney, Bob Devine, Richie Rencurrel, and Jimmy Goddard, have worked to give this organization a good start.

##### SECTION 3.

##### "OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

Annelaine Limper, as Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Debbie Andrews, as Emily Kimbrough, had the leads in the Senior Class play this year. They were ably supported by this all-star cast: Frank Cole, Tom Breen, Janice Tyler, Connie Holland, Jean Holcomb, Vinnie Dunphy, Bob Devine, Laroy Bonney, Howard Fetting, Annette Milliken, Gladys Hill, Isabelle Murphy, Terry Butler, Jimmy Goddard, and Nancy Wyman.

##### SECTION 4. THIS AND THAT

Jimmy and Ligi Goddard have contributed their services to the band, the latter as a baton-twirler.

Gladys Hill was the one in "The H.M.S. Pinafore" who kept singing "and-so-do-his sisters-and-his-cousins-and-his-aunts," remember? Connie Holland also represented the Senior Class as a sailor in the chorus.

Bob Devine has been our permanent dance-committee chairman. "The Pigskin Party" last fall was cleverly done, and very successful.

#### ARTICLE VI. REFLECTIONS

##### SECTION 1.

We wish we could mention all the little things that have made our high school years so enjoyable. We've listened to many a "short" oration by Terry Butler in English; we've heard Larry Dwyer's and Jimmy Goddard's witticisms in math; we've witnessed many an argument by Richie Rencurrel in history; we've seen Tommy in physics (need I say more?); you see, we've really enjoyed ourselves along with our work. However, we know that whether we go on to school, or go directly into business, we shall look back upon these years with the assurance that we have had a firm foundation on which to build.



CATHERINE ANDERSON

Secretarial Course

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Softball, 2.

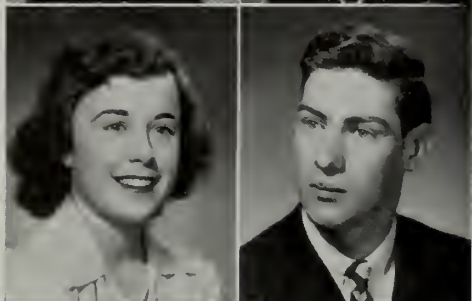
*With her sparkling eyes and wavy hair,  
She can make friends anywhere.*

LILLIAN BAKER

Commercial Course

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Softball, 2; Track, 3.

*The gem of our class, a genuine pearl,  
Photogenic Lil's a peach of a girl.*



DEBORAH ANDREWS

College Preparatory Course

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Exchange Editor, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Librarian, 4.

*I think that I shall never see  
A girl as musical as she.*

THOMAS BELL

Practical Arts Course

Football, 4.

*This football player who is hard to beat  
Thinks a certain "Pat" is pretty neat.*



ALFRED ATKINS

Practical Arts Course

Football, 3, 4.

*A football star, a real swell guy,  
You'll miss a good sport if you pass him by.*

ELLEN BERGMAN

Secretarial Course

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Softball, 2.

*We know that Ellen has what it takes  
To abstain from Curtis' pastries and cakes.*

LAROE BONNEY

Practical Arts Course

Glee Club, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 1.

*Hunting comes first in this man's life,*

*For Laroy is not happy without gun and knife.*

TERENCE BUTLER

Scientific Preparatory Course

Joke Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4. 1946 Massachusetts Boys' State.

*Tops in football, basketball, baseball*

*And Constitutional orations.*

*Terry's speech at Pembroke won our congratulations.*

THOMAS BREEN

Scientific Preparatory Course

Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4.

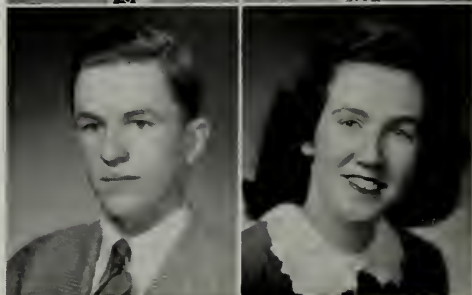
*Every day it's the same old grind;  
Willie's ahead—Tommy's behind.*

PATRICIA CAHIR

College Preparatory Course

Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 2, 3; Editor of School News, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3; Student Council, 4; Massachusetts Girls' State 1946; Transferred to and from St. Mary's High, Brookline, 1.

*Rat-a-tat-tat, and a toot-toot-toot—  
Here comes Cahir playing her flute.*





CYNTHIA CHADBOURNE

College Preparatory Course

Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball, 1, 2, 3; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3.

*Athletic and artistic abilities belong to our "Chad."*

*A better combination cannot readily be had.*

GEORGE COBBETT

Practical Arts Course

Glee Club, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 3; Transferred from Rockland High School, 2.

*A veteran basketball and baseball star—*

*If a girl doesn't get him, he'll go far!*

FRANK COLE

Commercial Course

Stage Manager of All-School Play, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Stage Manager of Senior Class Play, 4; Track, 2, 3; Vice-President of Student Council, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4.

*Frankie Cole is a merry old soul,*

*A merry old soul is he.*

*He skins his nose;*

*Up the ladder he goes*

*To put up scenery.*

ANN CONDON

Commercial Course

Glee Club, 1.

*Ann is very quiet, she hardly makes a sound,*

*But you should see her when she's near that boy from out of town.*

ROBERT DEVINE

College Preparatory Course

Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2; Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 3, 4; Basketball, 3; Treasurer of Key Club, 4; President of Student Council, 4; Massachusetts Boys' State, 1946.

*Heap-big-student-council-chief!*

*That he'll go far is our belief.*

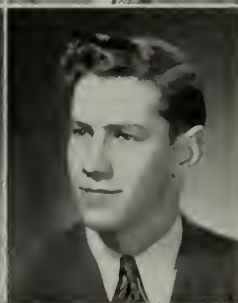
VINCENT DUNPHY

College Preparatory Course

Vice-President of Class, 2; All-School Play, 2; Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 2, 4; Baseball, 2; President of Athletic Association, 4.

*A senior fan club, a sophomore lass,—*

*All admire this boy of our class!*



LAURENCE DWYER

College Preparatory Course

Class Treasurer, 2; Vice-President of Class, 3, 4; Football, 3, 4; President of Key Club, 4.

*Darn good football player, math class wit,*

*What other L.A.D. does this description fit?*

RICHARD EWELL

Practical Arts Course

Glee Club, 3, 4; Basketball, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.

*We don't wanna' be cross, we don't wanna' be mean,*  
*But study hall desks just gotta be clean.*

*And if the "green sheep" of the class of '47*  
*Spills any more ink, he'll never go to heaven!*

HOWARD FETTIG

College Preparatory Course

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3, 4.

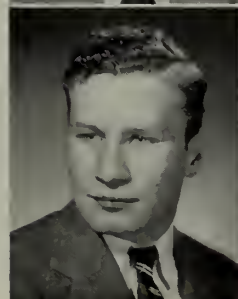
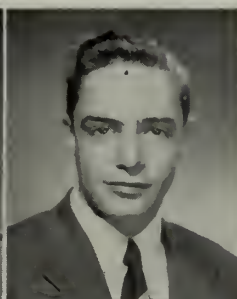
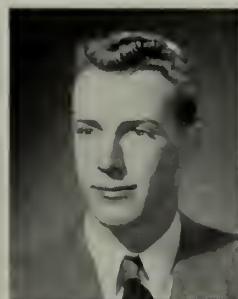
*Give us a frappe or a soda tonight;*  
*Howard's the one who can do it right.*

ROBERT GLYNN

Practical Arts Course

Class President, 2, 3, 4; Stage Hand, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3; Football, 2, 3; Vice-President of Athletic Association, 3.

*Three consecutive years in the presidency*  
*Is quite a record, you'll all agree.*





JAMES GODDARD

College Preparatory Course

Glee Club, 3, 4; Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 2; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; All-School Play, 2.

*Many victorious basketball games Can be credited to dependable James.*

LIGI GODDARD

College Preparatory Course

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Drum Majorette, 3, 4; All-School Play, 2, 3; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 3, 4.

*'Twould take a lot of convincing for us to believe That Harvard boys are Ligi's pet-peeve.*

DAPHNE HANLON

Commercial Course

Glee Club, 4; Softball, 1.

*She's always happy and full of fun; She gets along with everyone.*

GLADYS HILL

College Preparatory Course

Secretary of Class, 1; Alumni Editor of *Chimes*, 4; All-School Play, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2; Softball, 1, 2; Hockey, 1, 2, 3; Manager of Hockey, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer leading, 2, 3, 4; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

*When you mention the Army, That look comes in her eye That tells you quite definitely Where her interests lie.*

JEAN HOLCOMB

College Preparatory Course

Treasurer of Class, 3, 4; Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3; Student Council 4; Treasurer of Athletic Council, 3.

*About her honor we have no fears, Cuz we've made her treasurer for the past two years.*

CONSTANCE HOLLAND

Secretarial Course

Glee Club, 3, 4; All-School Play, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Band, 4.

*You saw her as an English girl in our class play, Really, old chap! She was frightfully gay!*

ALVIN JENKINS

Practical Arts Course

Glee Club, 2, 3; Stage Hand, All-School Play, 3; Stage Hand, Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4; Transferred from Marshfield High School, 2.

*Holy Moses! Gee whiz! Wonder what the commotion is! Why it must be Nancy leading her squad— This' handsome halfback to applaud!*

ANNELAINE LIMPER

College Preparatory Course

All-School Play, 1, 2, 3; Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2; Hockey, 3; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer leading, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4.

*She's intimated more than once That Tufts brings great elation. But we know dear old S. H. S. Is more than compensation!*

ELIZABETH LITCHFIELD

Secretarial Course

Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2; Softball, 1, 2; Hockey, 1.

*Playing softball is her great delight, She surely knows how to do that right!*

DAVID MAHONEY

Commercial Course

Stage Hand, Senior Class Play, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Key Club, 4.

*Much to the teacher's perpetual woe, Fourth period study hall claims our "Moe."*



PATRICIA MANNING

College Preparatory Course

Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Prompter, Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball, 1, 2, 3; Track, 1, 2; Tennis, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus, All-School Play, 3.

*Basketball and hockey star—that's our Pat;*

*Blue eyes, red hair, can you top that?*

ANNETTE MILLIKEN

College Preparatory Course

Senior Class Play, 4; All-School Play, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer leading, 2, 3, 4; Student Council, 4.

*Laugh again,*

*Smile again,*

*Giggle again,*

*Milliken!*

VIRGINIA MONGEAU

College Preparatory Course

Secretary of Class, 2; Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Class Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3; Cheer leading, 2, 3, 4; Chorus, All-School Play, 3.

*Quite a danceable combination they make,*

*Ginny and Mrs. "T."*

*Mutt and Jeff, in more ways than one,*

*Ginny and Mr. "D."*

ISABELLE MURPHY

College Preparatory Course

Class Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Chorus, All-School Play, 3.

*Though "Murphy" is Irish deep in her heart,*

*She always seems to get the French part.*

JANICE O'NEIL

Secretarial Course

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1; Hockey, 1.

*Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,*

*The telephone won't cease to ring,*

*Janice is the go-between*

*The "number, please" behind the scene.*

JANE O'NEILL

Secretarial Course

Secretary of Class, 3, 4; Class Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3; Business Manager of *Chimes*, 4; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Basketball, 1; Cheer leading, 2, 3.

*Cuz shorthand and typing come easily,*

*She'll surely end up on the boss' knee.*



FRANCES QUINN

Commercial Course

Assistant Business Manager of *Chimes*, 4; Softball, 1; Hockey, 1.

*She wants to be an accountant,*

*Or something along that line;*

*If we know our Frances*

*She'll get along just fine!*

DAVID SCHULTZ

Practical Arts Course

Glee Club, 3, 4; Property Manager of All-School Play, 4; Stage Hand, Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 2, 3; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4.

*A hearty laugh you'll surely hear,*

*To let you know when David's near.*



RICHARD RENCURREL

College Preparatory Course

Vice-President of Class, 1; All-School Play, 2; Key Club, 4.

*It's whenever there's a question to debate,*

*He'll make an attempt at any rate.*

BURTON SIMMONS

Practical Arts Course

Glee Club, 4; Stage Hand, Senior Class Play, 4; Property Manager, All-School Play, 4.

*To be a mechanic is his ambition;*

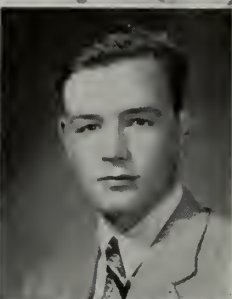
*As one, we're sure he'll gain recognition.*





THELMA SYLVESTER  
Secretarial Course  
Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Chorus, All-School Play, 3.  
*We all know that Thelma is very neat.  
From the top of her head to the soles of her feet.*

JANICE TYLER  
College Preparatory Course  
Class Editor of *Chimes*, 1; Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Assistant Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Editor-in-Chief, 4; Glee Club, 3; All-School Play, 2; Senior Class Play, 4; Cheer leading huddle, 2; Chorus, All-School Play, 3; Band, 3.  
*Janice is a redhead, that you'll admit,  
But she hasn't got the temper that's supposed to go with it.*



GEORGE TRAVERS  
Practical Arts Course  
*George likes to take his school work slow,  
But in a car, you should see him go!*

DONALD WAITE  
Practical Arts Course  
Property Manager, Senior Class Play, 4.  
*From Greenbush comes this midget small,  
What vitamin pills made him so tall?*



SHIRLEY TURNER  
Commercial Course  
Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; All-School Play, 2; Chorus, All-School Play, 3; Basketball, 4; Cheer leading huddle, 2.  
*Hubba, hubba! Ding, ding!  
That gal's got everything!*

RAE WHITTAKER  
Commercial Course  
Orchestra, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1; Hockey, 1.  
*One swell kid is our gal Rae,  
The Coast Guard thinks so too,  
they say!*



NANCY WYMAN  
College Preparatory Course  
Treasurer of Class, 1; Class Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Editor of School News of *Chimes*, 3; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; Prompter, Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3; Cheer leading, 2, 3, 4.  
*Merry, blue-eyed, carefree Nancy  
Admits that Third Cliff suits her fancy.*

JEANETTE JENKINS  
Commercial Course  
Glee Club, 1, 2.  
*Just heard a rumor, don't know if it's true,  
About Jeanette's having interest in trucks of blue.*

John Spange, Paul Mahoney, and Dickie Dwyer, too,  
Left school a while back, to don khaki and blue.  
Now they've completed their high school education  
And we're proud and happy to have them at our graduation.



RICHARD DWYER (Class of 1946)  
Enlisted in September 1945; boot training at Bainbridge, Maryland; transferred to Camp Perry, Williamsburg, Virginia; next year spent at the Naval Magazine Depot at Bangor, Washington; now at the submarine base at New London, Connecticut, on the U.S.S. *Flying Fish*.

JOHN SPANGE (Class of 1943)  
Entered service 1943; assigned to duty at Camp Commissary, Camp Edwards; transferred to Scotland, May, 1944; two weeks in England; landed in France June 9, 1944, and attached to Engineer Brigade; transferred to Quarter Master Corps for duty in Holland, Germany and Luxembourg.

PAUL MAHONEY (Class of 1945)  
Entered service 1945; two years with Army Paratroops, 8 jumps; landed in Europe 1946; two months at Hitler's hideout at Bertchesgarten.





## Once Upon a Time

Who would ever guess that one of the babies above would grow up to be the boys' star basketball player?

There's one little gal who seems to have anything on her mind but the job of handling the class money.

Oh! Dear! Which lassie looks quite frightened even then? Couldn't possibly be short-hand at that early date!

My, my, I never knew this gal was interested in horses. Always thought she had basketball on her mind.

Even then she seemed to be thinking of . . . But how could she? I don't believe she knew him then.

I see our sailor gal loved the water even then.

My goodness! Blonde hair! That is certainly a false clue to the identity of this gal.

There's one girl you can't possibly miss; the resemblance to her now is so-o-o clear.

Even then, this gal seems to have had that gleam in her eye.

Now just look at that little fella— Who'd ever guess that he'd ever grow up to the height of six feet.

Which one is which? That's the problem. It's a famous family of athletic girls.

Will you look at those eyes! Of course, you've all noticed they haven't changed a bit.

Who'd think one of the girls above would this day have Harvard on her mind?

Which of the girls above is today's favorite French student?

Even then "Babe" loved the snow!

Now isn't that sweet — I guess she loved animals even then!

Rock-a-by Baby — You'll never guess who this one is!



## TRUE CONFESSIONS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Pet Peeve</i>	<i>I am happiest when</i>	<i>If I had one wish I'd wish</i>
Catherine Anderson Deborah Andrews Alfred Atkins Lillian Baker Thomas Bell	dish washing eating broccoli homework Bromo Seltzer no smoking on school grounds	breaking dishes listening to music the bell rings at 2:10 drinking a soda I'm with Pat	I had paper plates D. A. M. for 6 days of school for an asperin for an A in history
Ellen Bergman Allerton Bonney Thomas Breen Terence Butler Patricia Cahir Cynthia Chadbourne	pastry kids bumming corny jokes hard mattresses a practical economist good looking men	I'm in the dough 2:10 comes there is no physics class I'm sleeping I win an argument I'm playing the piano	for a raise for a blonde for an A in any subject for a soft mattress to go to college for the perseverance to succeed
George Cobbett	women	I'm playing basketball	for two more years of school
Frank Cole	women	I'm with another fellow	I could go to school for 2 more years
Ann Condon Robert Devine Vincent Dunphy Laurence Dwyer Richard Ewell Howard Fettig Mathew Glynn James Goddard Ligi Goddard Daphne Hanlon Gladys Hill Jean Holcomb	not enough lockers French Harvard boys school women smart kids senior science history assignments any physics problems getting up having to put my hair up senior boys	dancing I'm hunting I'm parking I'm doing math problems I'm sleeping I'm with girls you ought to know I'm leaving school I'm in a model A I'm out of school vacation rolls around I'm day-dreaming	complete new wardrobe for an A in physics for an A in physics for a woman with money for one million dollars some money for more time for a new Buick convertible to be accepted at Oberlin for a red convertible coupe time would fly I could look innocent when guilty
Constance Holland Alvin Jenkins Jeannette Jenkins Annelaine Limper	weather senior science exams singing commercials	I'm trying to dance Ha-Ha! I see that man of mine With a certain Tufts student	I could dance for all A's for more weekends I could go to Jr. college
Elizabeth Litchfield David Mahoney	work school	I'm working I'm being a good boy	for more work for "B" in history and English
Patricia Manning Annette Milliken	no gum chewing in school "Gal in Calico"	I'm sleeping in study hall most of the time	for a jalopy to be accepted at Middlebury
Virginia Mongeau	people who take my pencils	thinking of December 29, 1946	I could go to college
Isabelle Murphy	being told I haven't done something when I have	there isn't a physics test	for an extensive world trip
Jane O'Neill	two stations on radio at once	I'm with Junie	for happiness always
Janice O'Neil Frances Quinn Richard Rencurrel David Schultz Burton Simmons Thelma Sylvester	red-headed men writing letters size of ice cream cones no smoking in school school typing	I'm doing homework I receive a letter from Al eating I have plenty of money I'm not in school I leave shorthand and typing	for an all-woman world for a car I were a Harvard boy for a wife for a new car for my license
Shirley Turner	bookkeeping	I'm with a tall, dark and handsome senior	more fourth period studies
George Travers Janice Tyler Donald Waite	school chicken liver people who ask too many questions	I'm not in school I'm with people I'm eating	for two years of high school photographic memory for a new car
Rae Whittaker Nancy Wyman	people who smoke father wanting car	I'm in school No. 31 scores a touchdown	for a three-day week-end to be accepted at Jackson





### JUNIOR CLASS

FIRST ROW: D. Sherman, J. Hyland, E. Noble, L. Cerilli, V. Goddard, R. Fallon, J. Flynn, M. Peirce, B. Robischeau, M. Noble, P. Mitchell, L. Reddy.  
 SECOND ROW: S. Chadbourne, C. Littlefield, M. Macy, J. Allen, A. Robischeau, P. Bonney, Miss Moulton, Mr. Stewart, A. Dolan, J. Prouty, J. Miles, S. Damon, E. Fleming, J. Keyes.  
 THIRD ROW: W. Higgins, W. Wright, C. Whitcombe, T. Dwyer, H. Welch, D. Coombs, A. Ahola, R. Sternfelt, M. Spinola, G. Jacobucci, E. Meyers, L. Towle, G. Warren.  
 FOURTH ROW: B. Durant, E. Brown, J. Varney, S. Briggs, W. Green, R. Dunphy, R. Rich, J. Fettig, M. Snow, R. Whittaker, H. Richards, E. Merritt.

## Junior Class Sophisters Supreme

*Jon Flynn, '48*

For news of our class's high school career  
 Read the following tale of our Junior year.  
 On opening day, counting old and new,  
 The Junior class numbered fifty-two.  
 Our class advisers, Miss Moulton and "Eddie,"  
 Help keep us on a course that's steady.  
 Ronnie Fallon, "Mr. President" to you,  
 Is a capable leader, honest and true.  
 From yonder cliff came Buckie Flynn,  
 The office of vice-president he did win.  
 A little girl, with a smile bright and sunny,  
 Verdella Goddard, keeps track of our money.  
 Again as secretary is Martha Peirce,—  
 Those are our officers, now on with the verse.  
 When the noise in a classroom begins to lull  
 And the students regard the subject as dull,  
 A red-headed figure is seen to appear.  
 His presence brings forth a rousing cheer.  
 Here comes Amiot on the run  
 Bringing in with him laughter and fun.  
 Football, the sport of honor and glory,

To four of our class is a mere "old story,"  
 Whittaker, Fallon, Varney and Snow,  
 Without these fine men the team would not  
 go.

Jack Varney, who resembles the great  
 "Moonie" Dorr,  
 I'm proud to report, made the "All South-  
 Shore."

There's no doubt as to who was the girls' bas-  
 ketball star,

Jean Prouty led all the others by far.  
 Her scoring paced the team to glory and fame,  
 196 points is seen next to her name.

Many Junior girls showed skill in field hockey,  
 They were able to win against slight and  
 stocky.

Our class lent its talent, widely known before,  
 To star in the play "H. M. S. Pinafore."  
 Reddy and Cerilli, that incomparable pair,  
 Acted and sang with the greatest flair.

(Continued on Page 16)



#### SOPHOMORE CLASS

FIRST ROW: F. Zalenski, K. Boylston, J. Taylor, D. McPherson, P. Goddard, D. Parker, C. Hurley, E. Veiga, M. Gannett, M. Dowd, M. Roy, M. Barclay, B. Walker, J. Daniels.

SECOND ROW: J. Tobin, C. Cross, M. Dwight, M. Kilduff, B. Best, D. Whiting, S. Chase, Mr. Hawes, Miss Dudley, I. Pratt, F. Dyer, A. Arapoff, J. Sylvester, G. Luce, A. Dwyer, S. Mongeau.

THIRD ROW: T. Flaherty, H. Dowd, C. Damon, N. Gilley, M. Corrigan, W. Small, P. Hayward, V. Day, D. Barclay, J. Mills, C. Roberts, F. Bissell, P. Keyes, I. Chandler, J. Stewart.

FOURTH ROW: J. Ketterer, R. Hattin, W. Chipman, J. Robinson, H. Jenkins, D. Heywood, J. Devine, J. Bates, W. Merritt, B. Webb, R. Duffey, R. Secor, J. Santia, D. Dwyer, E. O'Neil.

## Class of 1949

*Frances Dyer, Nancy Gilley*

THE class of 1949 is growing in leaps and bounds! New additions to the class this year have been "Jerry" Chandler from Tewksbury, Charles Hurley from Yonkers, New York, Jack Mills from Wellesley, Fay Bissell from Natick, and Janice Taylor from Clarkston, Washington.

The officers of our class were elected last September, as follows: Eddie Veiga, president; "Bub" Hurley, vice-president; Margie Gannett, secretary; and Dee Parker, treasurer; advisers, Miss Dudley and Mr. Hawes.

Many new and interesting topics have been introduced in our classes this year. The members of the second period Latin class have been studying all about Caesar's Gallic Wars. (Wonder if many of them know the old saying "Caesar adsum jam forte."?) The members of the English classes have been learning from W. Shakespeare that "All the world's a stage," etc. A few members of the

math class are still having trouble finding that bothersome "x," but it is not so baffling as it used to be. *Tous les jours, nous entrons dans la salle de classe avec nos devoirs* completed and bid "Bonjour" to Mademoiselle Harrington.

Outside of class we have been active too. Several of our members were in "H. M. S. Pinafore," and quite a few did well in sports.

On February 21, Old Man Winter awoke from his slumbers with a vengeance and presented us with a ripping snow storm. While this gave us an extra day for vacation, it did postpone the Freshman-Sophomore Golden Slipper Ball until March 7.

Our sophomore year is drawing to a close, and in the dim distant future summer vacation is once again in the offing; but next September we shall return to our desks once again—this time as proud Juniors.



## FRESHMAN CLASS

FIRST ROW: J. Foniri, C. Vespaziani, R. Scarsilloni, J. Castles, J. Watts, B. Murrill, O. McMorrow, G. Parker, N. Breen, C. Witt, R. Lavange, M. Pratt, J. Dwight, F. Dwight.

SECOND ROW: C. Murphy, C. Jenkins, N. Litchfield, C. Stearns, L. Sampson, S. Smith, J. Best, Mr. Benson, Miss Kingsbury, J. Kettell, M. Smith, J. Nord, K. Manning, V. Ahola, M. Abbott, P. Davis, P. Rich.

THIRD ROW: P. Arapoff, R. Mills, R. Rose, C. Tyler, B. Cole, M. Johnson, M. Chase, M. Noble, D. Vickery, G. Mitchell, J. Smith, D. Bickford, R. Fernandez, C. Mahon.

FOURTH ROW: R. Lee, G. Whorff, W. Hannigan, E. Hennigan, G. Lemoine, A. Turner, F. Duval, R. Duval, D. Henderson, A. Daneau, R. Zollin, R. Jenkins, G. Silipo.

## Class of 1950

*Sandra Smith, Richard Mills*

ATTENTION, all readers! Presenting the history of the Freshman Class!

When school opened September 4, 1946, it was a turning point in the lives of fifty-six individuals. We were now freshmen.

We welcomed as new members Marlene Johnson, Richard Mills, George Silipo, and Robert Rose who proved to be a great enthusiast of basketball.

We soon held our first class meeting and chose Mr. Benson and Miss Kingsbury as class advisers. The class officers were elected as follows: Glenn Parker, president; Osborne McMorrow, vice-president; Betty Murrill, secretary; and Nancy Breen, treasurer.

Our class was well represented in the production of *Pinafore* with George Mitchell and George Whorf in leading roles and many of us as sailors.

After a week's postponement because of a storm, the Freshman-Sophomore Dance, called "The Golden Slipper Ball," was held March 7, and we think it was a great success.

In Miss Gile's English Class we organized a hobby club which proved to be quite interesting. One Friday Peter Arapoff spoke on his model-airplane collection. He even brought one of his models to class and demonstrated it to prove it really worked.

We still have three years ahead of us, which we know will be eventful. Watch for us—the class of 1950.



## The Future Freshmen!

Mary Luce, 8B

Last September when the eighth grade proudly entered their new home rooms, they considered themselves quite important, and they had good reason to, for they were entering their last year of junior high and were looking forward to being freshmen.

They were a very busy group during February for many projects were due. Although it was quite a job, the majority of the pupils enjoyed making them.

Catherine Arapoff was the subject of conversation throughout the school when in February her essay on the life of Thomas Edison was chosen as the winning essay in the surrounding districts. The contest included only junior high pupils. Warren O'Shea came close to winning. Catherine and Miss Cunnene, our English teacher, were guests of the Brockton Edison Company, and Catherine was interviewed at station WBET along with the winners from other schools. The eighth grade was very proud of Cathy, as was everyone else.

It was quite a gala occasion when the eighth grade girls beat the seventh grade girls in a basketball game. It doesn't seem very important now, but it did at the time. We really owe the game to Mary Jane Stewart, who got practically all of the baskets. Lois Merritt also played quite well.

## Grade Eight Sport Items

Arthur Dunphy, 8B

It seems that it takes the girls to win a game. Well, it happened this way for the eighth grade. The seventh grade girls came to play our girls. The game was running about even when Miss Moulton put in Mary Jane Stewart. Then the roof fell in. Miss Stewart quickly hit the nets for twelve to fourteen points. This put the game on ice for Grade Eight.

The boys' game was a bit different. A certain guard shot too much, but after he woke up to it, he only shot once and made it. Joe Cerilli was high scorer for Grade Eight with eight points. The final score was 17 to 14 in favor of Grade Seven boys.

The following Thursday the four junior high divisions met for a play-off. The first game was Seven A versus Seven B with Seven A winning six to five. The next game was Eight A versus Eight B, Eight B winning eight to six. Bruce Wyman scored four points.

High honors were held by three Eight A members: Joe Cerilli, 2; Elliot Barrett, 2; and Arthur Dunphy, 2.

Then came the play-off, Eight B versus Seven A. The final score was eight to five in favor of Eight B. Bruce Wyman was high scorer with five of the five Eight B tallies.

## Seventh Grade News

Joyce Bamber, 7A

Peter Nord, 7B

On September 4, a group of about eighty pupils came from the sixth grades to the junior high school. To many of us, it seemed strange, and some were frightened. After a while it became an old story.

Three new pupils have entered the seventh grade, Shirley Petterson, Ronald Sustana, and Joyce Davis.

Movies shown to us by Miss Vollmer have been enjoyed very much.

While Mrs. Williams was out sick, her substitute, Mrs. Finnie, let us have a sort of town meeting. This was loads of fun.

We have made booklets in both geography and English.

The seventh grade girls played basketball with the eighth grade girls. But it was our hard luck that we lost and the eighth grade girls won.

The members of the *Pinafore* cast in the seventh grade were Evelyn Jenny, Priscilla Merritt, Roxana Turner, Francis Whorf, and Glenn Higgins.

Priscilla Merritt won honorable mention in the Edison essay contest.

We are very proud to have Richard Clapp in the seventh grade because in his November-December report he got all A's.

We have an average of twenty pupils on the honor roll for the marking periods.

(Continued from Page 13)

Remember the Tortoise and the Hare?  
Coombs and Briggs are such a pair.  
One is slow, the other's fast,  
But they're good friends despite contrast.  
Warren, Brown, Clapp, and Spinola  
Avery, Keyes, Dolan, Ahola,—  
Of our class of fifty-two  
These are a few who prove to you  
That the class of nineteen forty-eight  
Is progressive, impressive, and surely great.



## BAND

FIRST ROW: P. Green, D. Evans, L. Cerilli, E. Merritt, J. Goddard, J. Mills, C. Holland, M. Corrigan.

SECOND ROW: R. Fernandez, J. Stewart, R. Heywood, M. Dwight, M. Pratt, C. Valine, S. Heywood, J. Kettell.

THIRD ROW: D. LaVange, D. Stone, B. Prouty, L. Merritt, M. Kilduff, V. Goddard, M. Peirce, E. O'Neil, S. Chadbourne, P. Arapoff, A. Dunphy, Mr. Leach.

FOURTH ROW: J. Lopes, E. Myers, E. Hennigan, M. Spinola, J. Robinson, R. Rich, D. Heywood.

## School News

*P. Cahir, '47, L. Cerilli, '48*

THE school building had a somewhat "new face" when it opened its doors to both old and new classes in September. An outer office, book closet, and coat room had been constructed from Room 103 to provide greater convenience. Many desks had been added in the various rooms to accommodate the ever-increasing number of students. Floors and walls in several of the classrooms had been refinished and repainted.

Several new students were in evidence as well as five new teachers. Mr. Stewart resumed his position as coach and teacher of science after three years in the Navy. Miss Ruth E. Moulton of Boston took the position of teacher of physical education and history, formerly held by Miss Virginia Vines, who resigned to be married. Mr. Laurence Benson of Brockton succeeded Mr. Dodge in the Manual Training Department. Mr. Wilton Hawes of Newton came to the school as teacher of mathematics; and Miss Carol Voll-

mer was transferred from the Hatherly School to the position previously held by Miss Maxim in the Junior High.

Last September the glee club was re-organized under the supervision of Miss Reynolds. There was a large turnout of both boys and girls this year. The glee club is divided into three groups, each of which meets two periods every Thursday. In December, the members of the glee club had a chance to show off their dramatic, as well as their music ability, in the all-schol production of the operetta "H. M. S. Pinafore." The combined groups are now working on a musical program for the graduation exercises in June.

This year, through the efforts of Mr. Leach and his players, the band has increased in both number and ability. Many members have been recruited from the Junior High, and they have proved their worth both musically and in their willingness to cooperate. New uniforms have been ordered, and the band

should make a snappy picture out on parade, preceded by six drum majorettes under the leadership of Ligi Goddard. These peppy lassies are Martha Peirce, Verdella Goddard, Shirley Chadbourne, Mary Dwight, and Marilyn Pratt. Through the efforts of the entire group, the band is fast becoming one of the school's most important organizations.

This year a total of ten cheerleaders could be seen cheering our teams on to victory. Nancy Wyman was again chosen leader of the group, which consisted of Ginny Mongeau, Debby Andrews, Annette Milliken, Phyllis Mitchell, Gladys Hill, Martha Peirce, Ann-elaine Limper, Louise Reddy, and Laura Cerilli. During the basketball season, Verdella Goddard joined the group.

Two new organizations have been started in the school this year. Under the sponsorship of the Kiwanis Club, the Key Club was started. This club is made up of boys from the sophomore, junior, and senior classes who qualify in scholarship. The boys have already been active in many ways. The second organization is the Student Council. This group has conducted bi-weekly meetings since its inception in January.

This year the dances have been enjoyable though not too successful financially. The senior dance was held November 1, under the name of the "Pigskin Party." December 6 the juniors held a very high-class shindig called the Drag-On-Drag. Al Deiss and his orchestra provided the music for both of these dances. On March 21, the combined freshman and sophomore classes held a dance called the Golden Slipper Ball with music by Mil Barnes and his orchestra. The Junior Prom was held on May 6 at Dreamwold Hall. This dance proved to be a great success both socially and financially. The Juniors gave the Seniors their reception on June 8, an occasion which was also enjoyed by all who attended.

In November, a magazine drive sponsored by the Curtis Publishing Company was held. The entire school displayed a great deal of enthusiasm throughout the drive, but particular recognition goes to the Junior High for their efforts. Arthur Dunphy was awarded a radio for being high salesman in the drive. A percentage of the proceeds, which totaled over \$1,000, will benefit the various departments of the school.

The annual Red Cross Drive was held in January. The students aided this worthy cause by contributing generously, as usual. Before Christmas, each homeroom filled several gift boxes to be sent to needy children in foreign countries.

Several of the assemblies this year have been student participation programs, presenting a demonstration of the work of various departments. Much outside talent has been introduced also, including such speakers as Mr. Lloyd Bemis, who gave an illustrated lecture on Virginia; Mrs. Corwith of the National Broadcasting Company, whose topic was "Behind the Scenes in Radio"; George E. Caraker, a prominent news analyst and journalist, who gave an informative talk on international affairs; Piero Pierotic, a baritone of the Vienna opera, who sang many popular numbers and also presented an excerpt from "Rigoletto"; Jesse Robertson, who presented a very unusual and entertaining lesson in ancient musical history entitled "Song Hits of 1947 B. C."; Grace W. Keene, actress and interpreter, whose interpretation of the play, "I Remember Mama" was extremely enjoyable; and Dr. Alson Keener, whose illustrated lecture, "Our Mexican Neighbors," proved to be most educational. At Christmastime, some of the students presented a pantomime portraying Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The French Department put on three short plays in French. Several students had an opportunity to participate in these plays and thereby display the ease with which they have learned to speak and understand the language.

The members of the Science Department in their assembly performed many experiments in both chemistry and physics, explaining the principles of science. This was particularly interesting.

The Senior history class has been responsible for two assemblies this year. In November, the class staged an election based as nearly as possible on the state election which was being held at the time. A political rally was held in which speakers for both parties spoke for the men representing their party.

In January, the same department presented what proved to be the fruits of diligent study. Under the direction of Miss Gile, about twenty pupils undertook to debate on the national debate topic, "Resolved: That the Federal Government should provide a system of complete medical care at public expense." After a series of preliminary debates, the winners staged a final contest in which the negative side was victorious.

In April the Marshfield and Scituate bands presented an excellent concert, which was enthusiastically received.

All of these activities, and many others, have combined to make the current school year a pleasant one.



## Honor Roll

The following names have appeared on the honor roll at least once in the first three marking periods.

### HIGH HONORS — ALL A's

TERENCE BUTLER—2, 3

ANNELAINE LIMPER—2

ELIZABETH MURRILL—1, 2

### HONOR ROLL — ALL A's or B's

#### Seniors

Patricia Cahir  
Laurence Dwyer  
James Goddard  
Ligi Goddard  
Annette Milliken

Virginia Mongeau  
Isabelle Murphy  
Jane O'Neill  
Janice Tyler  
Nancy Wyman

#### Sophomores

Nancy Gilley  
Patricia Goddard  
John Stewart  
Florence Zalenski

#### Juniors

Shirley Damon  
Alette Dolan  
Brooke Durant  
Ronald Fallon  
Jane Keyes

Joanne MacDonald  
Josephine Miles  
Mary Noble  
Jean Prouty  
Leland Towle

#### Freshmen

Penelope Rich  
Sandra Smith  
Carol Stearns  
Donna Vickery  
Charmaine Witt

### HONORABLE MENTION

#### All A's or B's but one

#### Seniors

Deborah Andrews  
Thomas Breen  
Robert Devine  
Gladys Hill  
Constance Holland

Elizabeth Litchfield  
Patricia Manning  
Frances Quinn  
Richard Rencurrel

#### Sophomores

Marjorie Gannett  
Patricia Keyes

#### Juniors

Stanwood Briggs  
Elizabeth Fleming  
Verdella Goddard  
Gabriel Jacobucci

Jane Keyes  
Earl Merritt  
Martha Peirce  
Barbara Robischeon

#### Freshmen

Mary C. Murphy  
Laura Sampson  
Mary Susan Smith

### JUNIOR HIGH HONOR ROLL

#### High Honors

RICHARD CLAPP—Grade 7

### HONOR ROLL — All A's or B's

#### Grade 8

Susan Anderson  
John Cahir  
John Goodnow  
Pauline Hunter

Harold Macavenia  
Robert Morrow  
Kilby Smith  
Bruce Wyman

#### Grade 7

Joyce Bamber  
Judith Bernard  
Madeline Browne  
Lois Call  
Ann Dacey  
Marilyn Dyer  
Barbara Hunter

Evelyn Jenney  
Sally Lee  
Priscilla Merritt  
Helen Murphy  
Peter Nord  
Barbara Prouty

### HONORABLE MENTION

#### All A's or B's but one

#### Grade 8

Sheila Brigham  
Robert Burbank  
Eugene Cohen  
Mary Luce

Lois Merritt  
Muriel Nichols  
Letty Richards

#### Grade 7

John Breen  
Robert Browne  
John Kettell

Russell Paul  
Ronald Sustana  
Carol Walsh



#### STUDENT COUNCIL

FIRST ROW: Jane Keyes, Ann Arapoff, Gabriel Jacobucci, Robert Devine, Frank Cole, Jean Prouty, Annette Milliken.

SECOND ROW: William Eaton, Thomas Snow, Patricia Cahir, Jack Varney, Jean Holcomb, Jack Mills, Betty Murrill, George Mitchell, John Stewart.

## Student Council

*Jean Holcomb, '47*

EARLY in the year, the students of Scituate High unanimously agreed that a student council would be a benefit to both the faculty and members of the student body.

A temporary committee consisting of five seniors, four juniors, three sophomores, two freshmen, and one from each of the Junior High classes met with Mr. Calkin and formed a constitution according to our needs and desires. After careful consideration, the constitution was presented to the entire student body and accepted.

A permanent student council of the same number was chosen shortly after the constitution was accepted. The representatives of the school are as follows: seniors, Pat Cahir, Frank Cole, Robert Devine, Annette Milliken, and Jeanie Holcomb; juniors, Gabriel Jacobucci, Jane Keyes, Jean Prouty, and Jack Varney; sophomores, Ann Arapoff, Jack Mills and John Stewart; freshmen, George Mitchell,

Elizabeth Murrill; eighth grade, William Eaton and seventh grade, Thomas Snow.

At the first formal meeting of the Scituate High School Student Council officers were chosen as follows: president, Robert Devine; vice-president, Frank Cole; secretary, Jean Prouty; and treasurer, Gabriel Jacobucci.

Although the council has only recently been formed, many plans have already been made.

Proceeds gained from selling programs at the Scituate-Norwell basketball game will be used for future council needs.

The student council, with the co-operation of the student body, will try to carry out the ideals of the preamble of the constitution which is as follows:

"We, the students of Scituate High School, in order to foster school spirit, create better co-operation and closer relationship between students and faculty, encourage students to co-operate in the maintenance of the school property, and coordinate school activities, do hereby establish this constitution."



#### KEY CLUB

FIRST ROW: Gabriel Jacobucci, James Goddard, Ronald Fallon, Laurence Dwyer, Robert Devine, David Mahoney, Leland Towle.

SECOND ROW: Edwin Veiga, Earl Merritt, Harry Richards, David Coombs, Stanwood Briggs, Robert Dunphy, Richard Rencurrel, John Stewart.

## The Key Club of Scituate High School

MOTTO: "We Build Too."

*Robert Devine, '47*

IN September a new club was formed in the high school called the Key Club. It was sponsored by the Kiwanis Club of Scituate and was composed of boys from the senior, junior, and sophomore classes who were qualified by their scholastic standing.

Some of the objectives of the Key Club are to develop initiative and leadership, to provide experience in living and working together, to serve the school and community, and to prepare for useful citizenship.

The Kiwanis Club entertained the Key Club at two banquets this year. At one of

them, the boys received a bell and gavel, a charter, and lapel buttons.

The Key Club sponsored many projects throughout the year, including a scrap-paper drive, and the sale of tonic at the basketball games to raise money for a camera for the school.

The Key Club has proved beneficial to both the members and the school. The members have had an incentive for good scholastic standing, and the school has received a very fine motion picture camera through the efforts of this organization.



# HI-SCHOOL HOBBIES



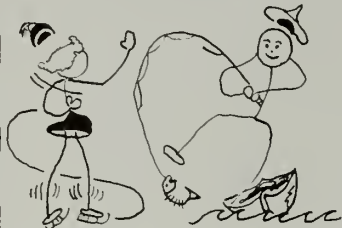
Ronnie Fallon



Louise Reddy



Bob Dunphy



Nancy Breen



David Coombs



Martha Peirce



Jummy Jenkins



Jack Varney



"Elite"



"Porky" Welch



Cynthia Chad



Wanye Higgins



Briggs



Amiot "Study Hall" Brooke Durant



Spinola

Avery "Boys Glee Club"

Earl Merritt



Dick Whitaker



Verdella Goddard



Mary Corrigan



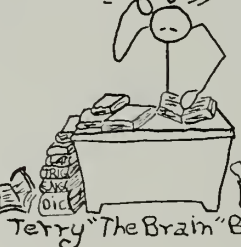
McMorrow



Jane Keyes



Parker



Terry "The Brain" Butler



"Dateless" Freshmen S. Damon



"Buttons" Ewell



"Stratasphere" Simmons



Household Arts Class



Class of '47 Seniors at Last





### "H. M. S. Pinafore"

*Shirley Damon, '48*

"Dunphy's" was packed when I walked in one Saturday night, last December. The juke box was begging South America to take it away, while orders for cokes, hotdogs, and frappes were being shouted along the counters. Everyone was in a gala mood, and I soon found out why. The curtain had just fallen on the second and final performance of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta, "H. M. S. Pinafore," performed by the students of the Scituate High.

As I wandered through the crowd, looking for a friend, all I heard were remarks about this production.

"—and didn't you think that Dick Deadeye was wonderful? — His name? — Chipman, I think."

"— thought the girl who took Josephine's part had a lovely voice. I do hope that—"

"— and the students did the scenery and staging. Miss Rowell and Mr. Benson did a great job directing it—it was so realistic."

"Gee, didn't Laura do a swell job? She was the best tonight I've ever—"

"Hey, there's that Mitchell kid. Boy, I want to shake his hand! Taking the captain's part was no easy job."

"I thought the ladies looked so lovely in their gowns, especially Gladys Hill, and the sailors were very good, weren't they?"

Well, after hearing all these remarks, I began to think that this play was really some-

thing. Anyway, I sat down and ordered a cheezeburger and a lime-coke and then began talking to a boy next to me. After a few minutes who did I discover him to be, but Davie Dwyer, the leading man in the play! By then, I had begun to realize that I was about the only person in Dunphy's who hadn't seen the show. And I decided I had missed an exceptionally good performance.

It was pretty hot in there with the crowd and all, and the juke box was becoming richer every minute; so I decided to try to get through the crowd and out. On my way to the door, I heard still more laudatory remarks concerning this play.

"Those teachers did a great job directing the singing and dancing as well as the dramatics. I'd hate to have tackled it."

"Oh! I split my sides laughing at that tall officer! What did you say his name is? Heywood? Well, he certainly stole the show! And did you—"

"— can't really decide which one I liked best, but that George Whorf was darn good. He's a real trouper!"

"— finale was very colorful!"

"— congratulate Miss Gile and Miss Reynolds for their excellent directing. They really—"

"You know, there was a lot of hard work put into that production by almost everyone in the high school. It seems nice to see the entire school all pulling together for a good cause like that. The proceeds go toward the assembly fund, you know."



## CAST OF "H. M. S. PINAFORE"

FIRST ROW: L. Reddy, W. Chipman, G. Whorff, G. Mitchell, L. Cerilli, G. Hill, D. Dwyer, D. Heywood, R. Heywood.  
 SECOND ROW: F. Whorff, C. Witt, E. Jennv, A. Arapoff, Miss Gile, C. Holland, L. Merritt, R. Turner, G. Higgins.  
 THIRD ROW: H. Bickford, F. Zalenski, M. Roy, C. Roberts, F. Cole, J. Robinson, F. Whorff, D. McPherson, P. Goddard.  
 FOURTH ROW: J. Nord, L. Sampson, C. Stearns, J. Best, V. Day, M. Kilduff, B. Cole.

## Cast of Characters for "Pinafore"

<i>Little Buttercup</i> .....	Laura Cerilli
<i>Boatswain</i> .....	Donald Heywood
<i>Ralph Rackstraw</i> .....	David Dwyer
<i>Captain Corcoran</i> .....	George Mitchell
<i>Dick Deadeye</i> .....	Wendell Chipman
<i>Josephine</i> .....	Louise Reddy
<i>Boatswain's Mate</i> .....	Robert Heywood
<i>Sir Joseph Porter</i> .....	George Whorff
<i>Midshipmite</i> .....	Glenn Higgins
<i>Midshipmite</i> .....	Francis Whorff
<i>Cousin Hebe</i> .....	Gladys Hill

## Cousins and Aunts

Helen Bickford	Carole Roberts
Evelyn Jenney	Mary Roy
Dorothy McPherson	Roxanna Turner
Lois Merritt	Joan Watts
Priscilla Merritt	Charmaine Witt
	Florence Zalenski

## Sailors

Ann M. Arapoff	Joan Kettell
Janet Best	Jane Nord
Barbara Cole	Laura Sampson
Virginia Day	Carol Stearns
Patricia Goddard	Mary Lou Kilduff
Constance Holland	Fanny Whorff
<i>Dramatics Coach</i> .....	Miss Eleanor Gile
<i>Music Director</i> .....	Miss Gertrude Reynolds
<i>Dance Director</i> .....	Miss Ruth Moulton

## Senior Class Play

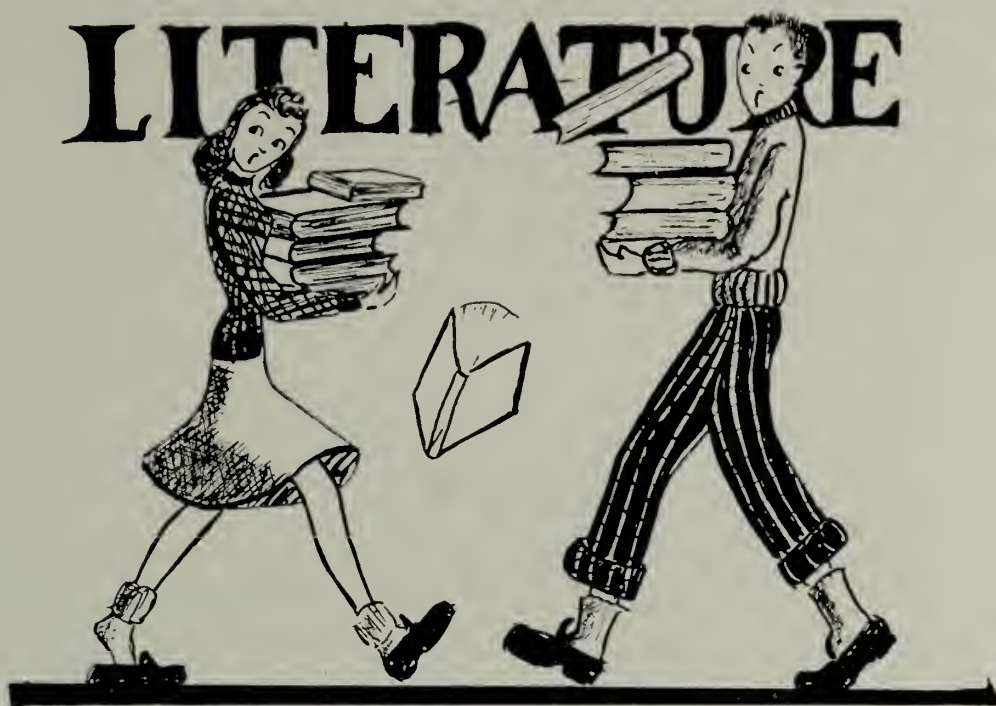
On April 18, 1947, a large audience at Scituate High School auditorium was greatly amused and pleased by the hit comedy "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," dramatized from the book by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, and performed by members of the Senior Class. The stars of the play were Annelaine Limper, whom many of you will remember from past plays, taking the part of Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Deborah Andrews, a new but definitely delightful and pleasing young actress, taking the part of Emily Kimbrough.

The leading ladies were supported by a very fine cast, as follows:

<i>Steward</i> .....	Frank Cole
<i>Mrs. Skinner</i> .....	Janice Tyler
<i>Purser</i> .....	Howard Fettig
<i>Otis Skinner</i> .....	Vincent Dunphy
<i>Stewardess</i> .....	Gladys Hill
<i>Dick Winters</i> .....	Robert Devine
<i>Admiral</i> .....	Thomas Breen
<i>Harriet St. John</i> .....	Constance Holland
<i>Winifred Blugh</i> .....	Jean Holcomb
<i>Leo McEvoy</i> .....	Terence Butler
<i>Inspector</i> .....	Nancy Wyman

(Continued on Page 36)





### Yesterday and Tomorrow

*Janice Tyler, '47*

IN a very short while we, the class of 1947, are going to leave the class rooms of Scituate High School and step out into a strange and new future. To some of us, the nearby future means the furthering of our education. To others it means that an immediate step is to be taken up the stairs of independence in the way of work or marriage. But to all of us, it means more or less a new life.

When we stop for a minute and look back at our childhood, it is hard to believe that there was a time in our life when a broken toy was our greatest care. Those were the days when all we had to do was follow. Our opinions were those of our parents, teachers, and friends. Everything was seen through rose-colored glasses. Life to some of us was pretty wonderful then. It was pretty nice to be assured of having our tears wiped away. It was pretty comforting to have someone kiss away the hurt. It was wonderful to be a part of an era of childhood where work and play were one.

Yet I'm sure we all dreamed of and yearned for the day when we would be grown up—when we would be able to go ahead and do wonderful things in a wonderful world. How-

ever, the day of fulfilling our hopes and ambitions was a far distant goal yet to be reached.

Gradually we began to suffer from seemingly-never-ending growing pains. Too big to play with toys—too young to indulge in adult pleasures—we were a lost and misunderstood generation as we reached the early years of adolescence. Along with these growing pains, though, we were learning to untie the apron strings. Slowly but surely we began to be able to distinguish one foot from the other. We were learning the principles by which we must live when we were to take our places as citizens in the world of tomorrow.

Now we are graduating. We have at last reached the goal dreamed of in days gone by. We are now ready to work towards seeing our hopes and ambitions fulfilled. These ambitions have probably varied with the passing of time—yet we have reached the goal of being independent. All our dreams will be transformed into reality only by honest effort, hard work, and clean play. With the hope that these ideals have been instilled into us deeply, we must go ahead and make a life for ourselves.

Furthermore, the fulfillment of our hopes does not concern us alone. As the citizens and leaders of tomorrow, we must contribute these ambitions to the making of a better world. The problems which we read about in the papers today will be the problems which we must help solve tomorrow. The world will be in our hands and must be kept safe for

future generations. In this atomic age, the principles we follow will be the deciding factors of whether or not the world is to continue to exist. Life is what we make it—the world is what we make it. Let us all work side by side to make the era of tomorrow one which will be recorded in future history books as a great era of a great generation.

## Forward Into the Future

*Alette Dolan, '48*

THE senior classes leaving high schools all over America are constantly reminded that the destiny of the country is in the hands of its young citizens. Every graduating class feels like a youthful Atlas, carrying the problems of the world upon its shoulders. For all commencement addresses and graduation editorials ring with the same inevitable expressions, "opportunity" . . . "future responsibilities" . . . "fate of the world."

Do we realize the challenge that is implied? This is indeed a crucial time in the world's history. Within the next century civilization may rise to unbelievable peaks, or it can as easily be destroyed. This problem will be ours.

We have learned in science class that water at zero degrees centigrade weighs less than water at four degrees centigrade. This is not just another dull fact to be remembered; this is a miracle! It means that ice will float, that no body of water will freeze through to the bottom. Think of the results if our rivers and lakes should freeze solid. Aquatic life would

quickly die, and within a few years all life would disappear from the earth. We know that plants breathe carbon dioxide and give off oxygen, and that animals do the opposite—another miracle. If this were not true, our atmosphere would quickly be exhausted.

These are only two infinitesimal factors in the miraculously-constructed universe in which we live. Some Divine Power has balanced each minute phenomenon with its opposite, to make our world so perfect that it has thus far survived all perils of destruction.

We cannot shatter the equilibrium of these universal scales with our misdeeds. Each terrible new weapon that the human brain conceives is making our balance more precarious. Shall man's history upon this earth, indeed the earth itself, crumble into nothing during our lifetime? Or shall the vision of a perfect and lasting peace materialize? The time is fast approaching for our generation to decide. We must go forward into the future with clear minds and firm hearts.

## The House of Seven Ghosts

*Robert Devine, '47*

FOR all of ten years I have been living in a house inhabited by seven ghosts. The house is situated on a large country estate along the Atlantic Coast south of Boston. It is a copy of an Italian villa and was erected by the well-known author, Robert Haven Schauffler. It is surrounded by extensive lawns and fascinating landscape. There exists on the premises, supposedly, a tree representing each and every nation in the temperate zone. There is a large pool adjacent to the house with many statues of pure white marble surrounding it and accenting its beauty. From the pool a water cascade flows continuously through a magnificent rock garden.

The interior of the house is as beautiful and extraordinary as the exterior. The rooms are large and spacious with thick, rich oriental rugs covering the entire floor surface like fur on the back of a large animal. The walls were constructed only after a great deal of consideration was given to acoustics; consequently, when the large mahogany piano is played, the music resonates pleasantly throughout the entire house and even to the nearer gardens surrounding it. The furniture is unexcelled in beauty and design. Even the pictures on the walls are unusual and enticing. But it is inhabited by ghosts.

Although I have never seen the ghosts, I am certain of their existence. I can not say

why they chose to inhabit this house in particular, except perhaps that it might appeal to ghosts in the same manner that it appealed to us.

The most mystifying ghost is "No-See-Um." Evenings, as I sit alone in the library reading, I feel the presence of an air-borne specter who, when I look directly at him, merges into the substance of a lampshade, an ash tray, or a piece of furniture. This is "No-See-Um."

Another terrifying ghost is "Iron Shoes." His appellation is derived from the fact that each and every night, no matter where I am in the house, he approaches with heavy footsteps, and yet never seems to reach me. Countless times I have looked up from my books expecting to see him and yet I can only hear his steps.

The most intolerable ghost is "The Adviser." He is the unseen fellow who tells me when to use my right hand instead of my left, when to go up the stairs two at a time instead of one, what color paper to write on, and makes other unnecessary and uncalled-for criticisms and remarks. It is getting now so that I make more involuntary moves than I do voluntary ones.

"The Dreamer" is really a pleasant, friendly fellow, but he often gets me into trouble. It is his pet hobby to talk to me when I am trying to study. He talks about foreign lands, adventure, romance and fantasy. He is well-educated and speaks so persuasively that when I am supposed to be studying French, I am in reality, listening to him talk about Alaska!

"Fickle" is a constant companion of mine who sits on the arm of my chair and looks over my shoulder when I am reading. He makes me think I am the hero of the story and is constantly influencing my state of mind. At one time he thought I would make a fine sailor; other times he thought I should be a policeman, trapper, fireman, cowboy, musician or writer. When I am discussing my plans for the future with friends, "Fickle" enters into the conversation and dictates to me. This gives my friends the impression that I am talking nonsense or, in other words, "talking through my hat."

The last two ghosts are not personal demons but, like "No-See-Um," and "Iron Shoes," they belong to the entire household. One is "The Carpenter" who travels about the house between the walls and is constantly repairing woodwork which does not need repairing. He is responsible for the creaks,

knocks, drilling, and general thumping and thudding which goes on about the house.

"The Electrician" is, I am sorry to say, only an amateur. I have reason to believe that he is practicing the "on-the-job-training" plan. If I were to meet him, I am sure that he would turn out to be a very nervous and fidgety fellow. He dims the lights to a pale orange when I am writing and sometimes shuts them off completely. His most aggravating habit is to blow a fuse when someone is trying to make a pot of coffee on the hot plate at half past five in the morning. This alone keeps my father at odds with the rest of the family for weeks on end.

Ghosts, as a whole, are not bad at all. They are constantly trying to help or entertain us although usually they become a nuisance so they are difficult to live with. I have thought of the possibility of abandoning them by moving to another house, but I am sure that they would follow me in the guise of friends or neighbors. You can see for yourself that there are always people around who advise, criticize, persuade, and annoy you. There are a great many like "Iron Shoes" who make a lot of noise and yet never seem to get anywhere. Many more are like "The Carpenter" and "The Electrician," for they make a great stir about nothing at all, and think they know more than they really do. Almost anybody is qualified to be a ghost.

## A Symphony of Moods

*Josephine Miles, '48*

Moods are like a great and eternal symphony, going on and on, up to the heights in dancing fairy flutes, and down to the depths of the soul in rumbling drums.

Each person is a symphony—each with his own tones and overtures, always changing swiftly from one mood to another and moving toward the final climax. Each one has his own little theme underlying all his works and woven into his music, different from anybody else's and waiting to be discovered and appreciated.

Some moods are sunshine, or sparkling clear brooks, running and dancing down through the shadows of hemlocks; while others are grasses being swayed in unison by the same breeze that supports the lacy wings of gulls. Some moods are but a breath of air, caressing your temples and gently blowing your hair, bringing with it the fragrance of cedar and salt marshes. They come like clear,



fresh pain, these moods; and their music is like a beautiful symphony, so perfect, so lovely, that it seeps to the depths of your soul, and you feel your spirit freed from the chains of life and body, and flying on the wings of rapture.

Some moods are disconnected, distracted fragments of the symphony. Discontentment and uneasiness rumble through us like drums, and realization clashes through the darkness like cymbals. Fears fill these moods, striking the soul as discordant sounds in a symphony, full of dissonance and strife, but somehow, vitally necessary to the composition.

And then these moods swing into rich, full music, with every theme of pain, love, happiness and discord blended together in violins, harps, drums and horns to form a flood of overpowering life in all its complexities: an endless symphony.

### Clouds

*Louise Reddy, '48*

High up in the heavens  
Nestled in a sky of blue,  
The airy clouds come flying,  
Bringing messages to you.

The world was full of anguish,  
Of horror, and of sin,  
And the clouds of war hung o'er us,  
Dreary, dark and dim.

The clouds of war were parted  
On one September day,  
And peace, for a world united,  
Showed forth its glorious ray.

And now, again, around us  
With sorrow and crying filled  
The world is growing darker,—  
The clouds of war weren't stilled.

But soon will come the victory  
Of peace, forever more.  
And with this glorious dawning  
A world of hope, in store.

High up in the heavens  
Nestled in a sky of blue,  
The airy clouds come flying,  
Bringing messages to you.

### "Let's Go"

*Jean Holcomb, '47*

"Come on, kids, let's go," is a familiar expression to every high school girl and boy. There is hardly a time in the corridors of

high schools, on athletic fields, or on city streets when some youth is not urging his friend to join him.

"Let's go?" Go where? Onward to score a victory on the football field or basketball court, to meet at the drugstore where "the gang" gets together, to chase another group of teen-agers in a speeding car, or — to a promising future?

Just where *are* your footsteps directed when you follow your friend's urgent beckoning? Do they lead toward a successful, happy and healthy life? A clear, definite destination is difficult for many of today's youth to conceive. And yet, the stepping stones leading toward your destination are self-evident; integrity, reliability, affability, common sense, ambition are all important steps in the path to your goal. These qualities can be acquired when one is young, but must be developed to a higher degree during the high school years. It is the personal responsibility of today's younger generation to accept the challenge of developing these virtues. Through the church, the home, the school, and other organizations, young people are realizing that the development of these characteristics is vital to a successful future. More important, they are realizing the necessity of choosing a suitable destination or goal to work toward and achieve. The world of today presents a series of opportunities; the result of grasping these opportunities is achievement.

Most young people consider juvenile delinquency as a subject very remote. Nevertheless, do they realize what that one quick ride through the city, speeding, may lead to? Or what idle visits with "the gang" on the city sidewalks may possibly result in? Or the influence of a friend who might suggest, "Take just one drink, go ahead!" Such everyday activities will not lead to a successful goal. The stepping stones to a worth-while destination can be destroyed by such apparently minor occurrences, which are actually the basis of the future.

If you, as the youth of today, could comprehend what "Come on, kids, let's go!" might mean in years to come, you surely would give heed to where your goal may lie!

So, "Come on, kids, let's go" along the stepping stones of youth to a prosperous and successful destination!

## When Father Goes Away

*Ligi Goddard, '47*

WHEN Father goes away, all the mechanical devices in the house seize the opportunity to rebel. There is a mysterious air about Father which seems to discourage all disobedience and household disasters; but soon after Father has made his exit, any catastrophe is likely to occur. The roof might leak or cave in, the pump in the cellar might sputter and give up, the telephone might refuse to ring, or the water pipes might burst. This last calamity stamps itself most vividly in my mind because, during Father's recent absence, the plumbing system collapsed.

About five minutes after Father had dashed through the door, I was busy in the kitchen getting supper ready. With dismay I heard a queer gushing noise which seemed to be coming from the garage. I rushed out to investigate. The garage was flooded with water, and my little ship, which is stored there, was almost ready to set sail. From one of the water pipes issued a spouting stream.

Luckily, at that time the telephone was in working order. But not one of the five plumbers whom I called would agree to come until much later in the day or possibly the next day. Three hours slowly ticked away, and no assistance had come. After a last frantic appeal to one of the plumbers, I finally secured a promise of help. Within a half hour the plumber arrived at the house with his kit of tools.

The plumber tried, seemingly in vain, to locate the place, underground, where the water supply to the garage could be shut off. Instead of using a shovel to locate the crucial spot, he used a labor-saving device called a detector, which consisted mainly of a dial and a small chain from which it hung. When the dial was hung over anything made of metal, the needle on the dial was supposed to move. After an hour's unsuccessful attempts, I was beginning to think the detector was only a bluff. I uttered a sigh of relief when finally the needle gave a slight wriggle. My troubles were over, I thought. While thanking the plumber profusely, I noticed that he seemed disconcerted. I was stupified when he told me that plumbers "never dig holes." I would have to hire an excavator to dig down to the water pipe, and then I could telephone the plumber again. He said he would be glad

to come over and repair the pipe as soon as it was uncovered. Too discouraged for words, I turned and fled into the house.

The water was still rushing from the garage pipe; and the concave floor, filled with water, formed an adequate ocean for my little ship to moor itself in. Mother and I kept saying over and over again, "If only Father were here!"

At nine p.m. I left the house to attend a party, my spirits much bedraggled. When I departed, there were still no signs of the diggers. At midnight, when I staggered upstairs to bed, I decided that a hot bath would soothe my shattered nerves. But when I turned on the faucet, there was only a gurgle. I stormed into my room and found a note from Mother saying that the diggers hadn't come, and that the Water Department had turned off the main water supply. I was so exhausted that I had not even noticed that the gushing noise was no longer coming from the garage.

The next morning the situation didn't look quite so discouraging. The excavator finally arrived, and after the digging was accomplished, the plumber, with a little persuasion, did his share. At noon the pipe was fixed, and we had water again.

Father came home late in the afternoon and listened with amusement to our tales of distress and misfortune. He pointed out that Mother and I should learn more about the mechanics of running the house. Mother answered him by using a little female psychology—flattery. She told him that he had an indefinable charm which seems to ward off any calamity.

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## The Pilgrims

*Mary Jane Stewart, 8B*

They sailed, they sailed across the sea  
And found a land for you and me;  
These Pilgrims came here just to pray  
And worship God in their own way.

They landed in Plymouth by the shore,  
Where they settled and roamed no more;  
They suffered much and many died,  
But still they prayed and did abide.

## Mistaken Identity

Warren O'Shea, 8B

IT was a beautiful rosy dawn that was beginning to break over Kendall Field, Florida. Captain Earl Stanton stood admiring his newly-arrived B-17, a heavy bomber which sat clumsily facing into the gentle breeze on Runway Three.

Twenty minutes later, Captain Stanton and his crew stood in "Operations Office" just before take-off for a briefing.

It was *Lazy Mary's* turn to patrol for subs, and although her crew was hopeful, they doubted whether they would even hear of a sub. A few minutes later, they filed out and climbed aboard their waiting ship, the propellers of which were turning over evenly in the now-bright sunlight.

Captain Stanton was a tall man, well-built, with a shock of black hair. He was young, about twenty-four, and wise. He boasted a Texas drawl, and had a wide smile. He gunned the engines with brakes set, and the plane shuddered. Then he let down the flaps and released the brakes, and the plane shot down the runway. Split seconds later, the landing gear was up, the flaps were up, the crew was relaxing, and *Lazy Mary* was climbing rapidly. They reached a 30,000-foot altitude and leveled off just as the coastline slipped beneath the plane's trim fuselage. She responded beautifully to every known trick in the book.

They were now well out over the ocean and they banked southward. Just then, the peering, hopeful navigator shouted, "Suspicious fish below at 5:30 o'clock!" The plane tipped as Earl calmly said, "Man your battle stations."

He took the plane down to 200 feet and leveled off. The bombardier shouted excitedly! "Sub below, German U-boat—Lubein type!" The engines roared and the plane climbed for altitude for a bombing run. She climbed steadily to one thousand feet, banked, and leveled off with the sun at their backs.

Once again the sub came into view and its shadow was changing from black to gray! It was diving fast, but it was a large sub and the target was still clear. Suddenly, Bob Benton, tail gunner, yelled something over the intercom, and screamed in agony!

The unmistakable whine of a Me. 109 was heard as it streaked past. It was equipped with floats. The forward and top guns spit death, and the tracers, smoking, bit deep into

the "109's" stabilizer! It climbed rapidly and banked. Then it disappeared! But this run, the bombardier was determined to get that sub!

He called out instructions. "Bear to the left" — "Hold 'er, Skipper" — "Steady" — "Steady" — "Bombs Away"! Earl felt the plane lighten just as the Messerschmidt came in again.

Guns chattered and metal chipped from numbers one and two engines! Flame streamed from them, and the automatic extinguishers went to no avail on No. One engines! However, the fire in No. Two went out!

The plane was lumbering on when the air about the banking plane shuddered! Looking below, they saw the sub disintegrate, and then slip below the water's oily, scarlet surface! Then they knew why the plane was there—the sub had launched it previously!

A voice broke the silence. "Bob looks badly wounded, sir, but he'll live."

"Shall I man his post?" It was Jim Kentworth, the navigator.

"O. K.," was the answer, but it was cut short by the chattering of guns. Earl heard some unpleasant nickel-jacketed messengers of death whistle, splinter the canopy Plexiglass, and plough into the instrument board! As the fighter plane shot past, it too disintegrated and plummeted earthward.

*Lazy Mary* turned ruefully homeward, shot to bits but victorious! As she approached the field, she tried to transmit her difficulties to base, but the radio was in pieces! Then short bursts of flack exploded near the plane and one scored a hit!

The tail slumped backwards like a crazy stunt rider, and like a wounded bird, the plane slipped earthward slowly, smoking from a severed oil line which spilled oil on the red hot parts, making smoke.

The plane made a sickening "belly landing," dug one wing into the runway and stopped short! The crew climbed out carrying Bob; and when the ambulance had taken him away, Colonel Cross shook hands with Earl and said, "We thought you were a shot up 'Krout.' That sure was a mistaken identity."

"It sure was," Earl agreed with a wry smile as he glanced at his plane's smouldering remains in the afternoon sun. "It sure was," he said to himself.



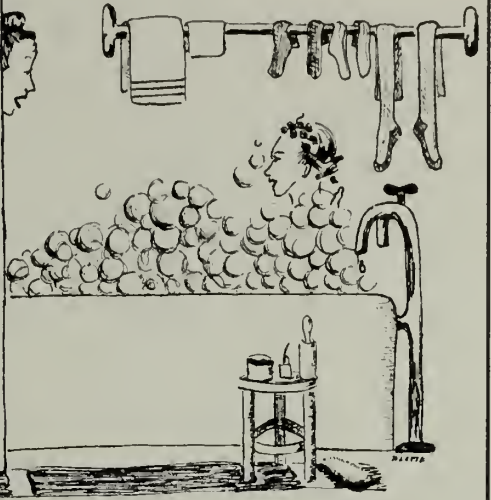
# Growing Pains



SACKS — FIFTH AVENUE ?



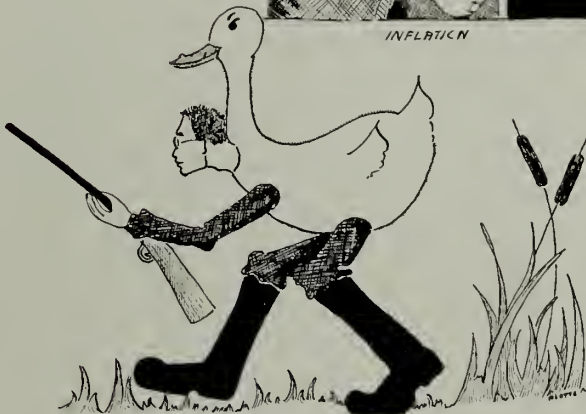
PROM NIGHT



TELL HIM I'LL BE DOWN IN A SECOND



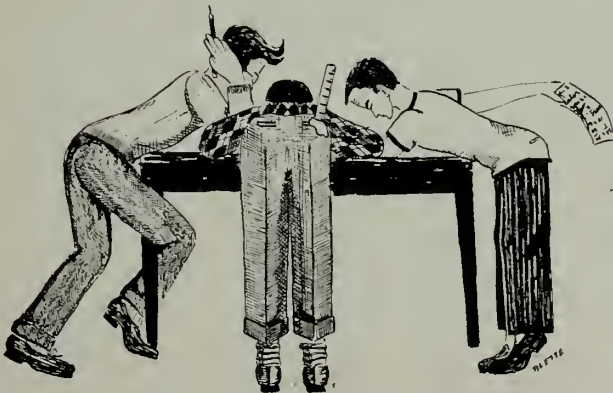
INFLATION



WHAT WON'T BRIGGS TRY NEXT ?



FAMOUS DISCOVERIES OF ANCIENT HISTORY



PHYSICS PROBLEM



MAN SHORTAGE

## Source of Wonderment

*Terry Butler, '47*

IN northern England, midway between Scarborough and Budlington on the old post road, there is a lonely stretch of rolling land that is a subject of much amazement and curiosity to me. Probably the most singular feature that I remember of this expanse of land is the old Turnbull Tavern, a picturesque inn adjacent to the road in a section of level valley. To the north and south are gently rolling hills which are typical of that countryside. A little distance to the east is Flamborough Head, a section of weather-beaten shoreline. The fresh ocean winds scatter the salty spray inland so that one can always scent the salt tinge of the usually-torpid hanging air of the inland.

The first time I viewed this rural scene was two years ago, coming down from South Shields on the Tyne with two of my good friends. The carriage had just topped the hill when one of my friends, who was facing forward, called attention to the beauty of the countryside. As I turned to look, some subconscious foreboding of ill impressed me. I breathed easier when he had left Turnbull Tavern in the dust. No sooner had I dismissed the depression from my mind than the carriage slowed to a stop. The coachman poked his grimy head in the door and begged our pardon but we would be obliged to spend the night at the last inn we had passed because a bridge had been weakened by the high rushing waters and he didn't dare attempt to cross.

All the way back we mournfully discussed our ill fortune at having to spend a boring evening at some relic of a roadhouse. As we drew up to the Turnbull Tavern, I began to notice the building itself. Hanging out front was a large sign with a faded picture of a bull and a red cape. The entrance was a double door with large iron bolts studding the oaken frame. The after part had a crude stone foundation; the main room appeared to have been constructed of some vessel's timbers. In general the house seemed solidly built.

A plump, matronly lady received us with more or less forced sweetness and conducted us to our barren rooms. Accepting our fate as best we could, my friends and I descended to the main room. We sat there, commenting sarcastically about our surroundings until I spied a decrepit figure near the fire. In a

good-humored frame of mind we moved closer to the burning embers and the old codger who sat smoking there. Shortly we diverted our conversation to the probable history of the quaint structure. Directing our queries meaningfully in the old man's direction, we settled ourselves around the fire. The old man shifted his pipe, tamped the tobacco, and cleared his throat while we waited in respectful silence.

According to this twice-a-youngster, the original stone framework had been placed there by invading Danes before the time of Caesar. Later, the counter-invading Picts from Scotland had burnt the wood framework of the Danes. Centuries later in English history, some merchantman, blown off its course, had run aground on Flamborough Head. Thrifty natives had carted the ship away piecemeal, and one enterprising group had constructed this tavern on the old stone foundation.

All the time our storyteller was coloring history, the tavern was filling up with groups of silent, somber men. I couldn't possibly imagine where they had come from since I hadn't recalled seeing a house for miles around. The tavern was thick with a distasteful smoky haze; so I took silent leave of the elderly gent and his first-hand evidence and threaded my way through the throng. As I passed along, no one so much as raised his head. Though I expected the outside air to put me in better spirits, I found that the outside air was heavy and thick. I could actually feel the weight of the air on my skull to such an extent that it sent me into a mental torpor. My senses dulled, I wandered back into the tavern almost in a trance. Locating my friends, who by now seemed also quite subdued, I conducted them to the rear of the room to partake of our meal.

As I raised a succulent portion of mutton to my lips, I was startled by a short piercing cry coming from a back room. I arose with such a start that my fork spattered gravy over my frock coat. I was further surprised by the complete indifference of the rest of the people and especially my friends. They were alarmed only at my jumping from the table. I was almost convinced that I was hearing things, when again there was a long agonizing scream. I couldn't be imagining it. Yet, nobody else in the tavern even batted an eyelash. Heaving a bewildered sigh, I sank into

my seat. I was convinced that somebody was crazy although I wasn't sure who.

I retired to my room early, thinking that a good night's sleep would be good for me. As I lay in bed thinking, thinking, I couldn't get to sleep. My mind was in a turmoil. I recalled carefully the events leading up to that awful scream, arguing the pros and cons of every possibility. Having eased my mind somewhat, I lay back on my pillow and gazed at the moonbeams streaming through the window. Peaceful at last, I closed my eyes, then dreamily yawned, and relaxed.

Just as I was about to close my eyes, I noticed a slight movement of that floorboard which was lighted by the moonbeams. All my nervous tension came back. I blinked, sat up, rubbed my eyes and jumped against the wall. I could feel the hair rising on the back of my neck as I saw a small floorboard slowly raised and put to one side. A slim white hand reached up from the cavity. I gasped hoarsely; then I was mercifully reduced to an unconscious state.

I awoke with a start the following morning. Slowly all my senses came back and I hurriedly dressed, roused my friends, and rushed them down into the coach. Once in the coach I fell into a deep sleep and never awakened until we were many miles distant. The rest of the trip was uneventful, and I took leave of my companions at my London house.

I was very curious to know more about this Turnbull Tavern so I visited a prominent London traveling agency. In my consultations with several coachmen who were very familiar with that country, they swore that there was no Turnbull Tavern in all that territory, and for that matter, no tavern at all in that region. I was not able to locate any information about the tavern as it appeared no one knew it had ever existed. To prove I wasn't crazy, I wrote to my two friends so that they would bear out my story. I was deeply shocked to learn that on arrival at his country manor one of my friends had been fatally kicked by his prize horse. Stunned, I scarcely showed any emotion when I learned that my other friend had embarked for France the same day; and neither he nor the ship was seen again. This all has caused me no end of wonderment.

## On the Way to School

*George Mitchell, '50*

SCENE: Walking to school one hot day.

T — Temptation      C — Conscience

M — Myself

T: "Why, Georgie, old boy, think of all the fools who are going to school today! Isn't it going to be lovely when we go to the old swimming hole for a nice cool, refreshing swim? Hummm?"

M: "Well, I'm not so sure. I —"

C: "Oh, no you don't, George Mitchell! You go right to school!"

T: "Come on! Don't bother with him. You can relax in the nice cool shade of the old pine; and —"

M: "Well, I don't know."

C: "You're darn right you don't know. But you do know there's an English test today; and if you miss it, you'll flunk the term!"

T: "Idle talk! Just idle talk! That's all. Now let's forget about that dumb guy and go home and get our lunch packed."

C: "I'm warning you! You'll be sorry."

M: "I don't know what —"

T: "Come on."

C: "Don't you go!"

T: "Forget him."

C: "Don't you listen to him!"

T: "Wanna fight?"

C: "Do you mean do I wish to engage in fistcuffs? Most certainly!"

T: C: "!!? Bam, Biff, Waa, you!!?&\$%!!"

M: "Fellows! Fellows! Don't fight over me. There, now, we'll flip a coin."

C: "(sniff) You know, (sniff) you shouldn't, but — okay. (sniff)"

M: "Heads I go swimming; tails I go to school. Here goes!"

(Five second interval.)

M: "Well, Mr. Reader. I'll let you be the judge. So I leave the question to you, dear reader, Was it heads? Was it tails?"

## The Beacon

*Bruce Wyman, 8B*

Old Minot's Light so tall and bleak,  
Through the dark gloom the vessels seek.  
Staunch through the years has stood this light,  
To guide the course all through the night.

With storm waves beating on Minot's walls  
To the vessels lost the fog horn calls;  
Inside, grim men their vigil keep,  
Though winds may howl and storm clouds sweep.



### The Lost Chord

Nancy Wyman, '47

He was tired after a full day, another day to add to his long list of busy ones. All his life he had been composing music for the world to enjoy, and enjoy it they did.

He went to his piano as the clock struck three—five more hours and he'd be on the stage, playing before one of his largest audiences. But now he ran his fingers over the keys, playing for only himself. The runs and medley of notes that came out of the old piano were among the most beautiful the world had ever heard. Hadn't he spent eighty-three years of his life learning to play this way? If anyone had been listening, he could have heard brooks racing along, trying, trying to reach their destination ahead of themselves, or the call of soldiers, the sweetness of the voices of children playing merrily in the wind—oh, almost everything came out of that piano that day. All of a sudden he stopped; he had struck a chord on the piano that he had never sounded before, never in all his life. It was the most beautiful one he had ever heard. He tried to strike it again; he searched all over the key-board for it, but he couldn't find that chord. He must find it—he must! The clock struck seven, which reminded him that he must pull himself together as he was to play the concert in an hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

The crowd seemed to sense that he was in the mood to play and that they were hearing beauty not often heard. But the old maestro wasn't thinking about what he was playing; he was listening for that beautiful chord again. He kept hearing it subconsciously, but he couldn't quite find it. In his mind was the old song about a man who had found some such chord on the organ. He remembered the words:

"Seated one day at the organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease;  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys . . .  
And I struck one chord of music like  
the sound of a great amen."  
(Yes, it did sound like an "amen.")  
"It may be that only in heaven  
I shall hear that chord again."

Suddenly, in the middle of the concerto that he was playing, he heard it again and again. It was perfection; it was worth all his long years of study.

The next day the paper reported the tragic death of the old maestro, in the middle of his most brilliant concerto.

### The Victor

Alette Dolan, '48

"MAN may lose the whole earth and keep his own soul."

It is night.

There is no moon. The stars are very pale and far away.

No night creature sings. No breeze is blowing. The earth is waiting.

There! In the east the clouds point a bloody finger at the dawn.

The harsh, grey light reveals the secret that the night has hidden,

Black ground, pock-marked by craters, the crumbling remnant of a wall,

And far away, one weather-beaten cross marking a common grave.

Can this be Earth, this sickening monochrome of black and grey?

Among the rubble, a tiny heap of rags

Moves, stands, and looks at the sun with unflinching eyes.

Here is a child, scarred as the ground on which he stands.

His face seems dead as the surrounding countryside.

But now he lifts his head to gaze at the blue sky . . . and smiles.

The soul of man again has triumphed over blood and iron.

### Mrs. Wade, Housewife

Sandra Smith, '50

The wind howled, and in the distance the eerie wail of a timber wolf chilled Mrs. Wade's blood. She pushed the starter once again, but it was useless as the tank registered empty. The next town couldn't be far ahead, and there surely was a house somewhere along the way.

She locked the car, pulled her warm coat about her, and started down the bumpy country road. After what seemed hours, a dreary, dark farm house loomed out of nowhere. She climbed the hill leading to the house and crossed the creaky porch. When she touched the door to knock, it opened slowly and noisily before her. Gathering all her courage, she stepped inside. The house was cold and musty, and dust covered everything in sight.

Mrs. Wade, deciding no one was home, glanced warily about and then spotted an

old-fashioned telephone covered with cobwebs. She picked it up and was about to speak when she heard a board squeak. Heavy footsteps pounded above her head. The receiver fell out of her shaking hand as she listened to mysterious thuds descending the curving stairs. She searched the room for some means of escape. The door she had entered was blocked by the stairs and by whatever was approaching her. The huge black shape was getting nearer, nearer! Mrs. Wade shrank back against the wall and her shrill scream pierced the night air. The hideous, toothless face of the shape grinned in self-satisfaction and came still nearer, its bony hands clutching the air.

Is Mrs. Wade doomed to die at the mercy of this monster? Listen in tomorrow, same time, same station when the makers of Do-All Laundry Soap will bring you the next chapter in "The Everyday Life of Mrs. Sophie Wade, Housewife!"

### Her Majesty, the Sea

*Annette Milliken, '47*

Her majesty the sea rules the earth. She is the incomparable queen of the land. Her god and king is the sun, the mightiest man of our universe. The land, domain of our lady the sea and her king, is ever subordinate to them.

This lady is the most bewitching woman on earth. All men are attracted to her. There are those who have known her well and have ridden her waves in glory, but there are many who have sacrificed their lives in toil and love, serving her majesty. Men have devoted their lives painting her portrait or singing her praises in poetry. All women admire her beauty, but they fear her majesty as all women fear a fascinating lady.

Her voice is the source of all music. Many of the subjects in her kingdom have been inspired by her endless song and have followed her pattern in order to create some of our masterpieces.

Her beauty is supreme. Her gowns are swirls of silk of all hues of blue and green ranging from the most delicate pastel to the richest and most royal color. The edges of her ruffles are the loveliest of laces, pure white, the patterns ever changing. Her crown jewels are emeralds, jade, amethysts, sapphires and diamonds. Her dress is embroidered with pearls. Often at night when the sun's shadow, the moon, is near, she dresses in the

purest white, threaded with silver. In the day when the sun is brightest and she is happiest, our lady sparkles and reflects her happiness by her golden dress.

But when her king, the sun, leaves her for a day, she is sad and melancholy, gowned in gray and veiled in a dreary mist. Only when her majesty is angry at her land and its people does she wear inky black, a deep, menacing black.

In her anger she is very strong. She punishes her people by lashing out at them bitterly, till they bow in submission once more.

But she is magnificent, her majesty the sea.

### Football Team

*Manual Spinola, '48*

Scituate High has a coach with pep;  
He knows his stuff, which makes him hep.  
He called his boys to start a team;  
Some were vets and others were green.  
But a good squad he had with lots of vim,  
And here are the boys who played to win:  
A center, named Ronnie, not too tall,  
A little like John, always on the ball;  
An aggressive guard, they called him Frank,  
Short and lean, but he hit like a tank;  
Jack, another guard, was Frank's running  
mate,  
When opponents saw him, they ran for the  
gate;  
A tackle that everyone knew as Slick —  
He was the boy that made the team click;  
Another was Murray with lots of power  
(When he hit me once, I was out for an hour);  
Two ends who liked to knock tackles in,—  
The rugged one Larry, — the speedy one Vin;  
Terry had spirit, although he was small,  
He always gave runners a good, hard fall;  
The backfield had four guys, all very good,—  
Making a touchdown they gave all they could.  
Bob's own job was calling the plays,  
His blocking kept opponents in a haze;  
A hard-hitting back, Bub turned out to be  
High scorer on the South Shore for class D;  
A gamester was Buttons, raring to go,  
Small and shiftily and never too slow;  
Whit did his share of hardwork too,  
Passing and kicking and running them blue.  
Some will be back, some will have departed,  
Our coach will train others and get them  
started;  
For making good teams is his one ambition  
And he is the one who fits this position.

### A Helping Hand

Shirley Damon, '48

How many times do we stop to think of the seemingly little things of life that are really so important, those things that make life seem just a little bit easier and the world just a bit friendlier. I'm referring to the little kindnesses that you and I can show to others at all times—such as a smile instead of a sober or a frowning face; a kind word to a person when he is in doubt or saddened by passing events; an effort to say "hello" to a person with few friends or to one who is sick.

Many people think that doing these extra kindnesses is unimportant, and that you gain nothing by it. These people are mistaken, very much so, because, in fact, you gain a great deal. You not only get a wonderful feeling because you are helping someone, but the person that you've helped thinks a lot more of you.

A true story, which further illustrates my point, is one that you possibly may already know. In a neighboring town, not far from here, in a little gray house, lives a friend of mine. He isn't the usual type of friend, for I've never talked to him;—in fact, I don't even know his name! Maybe some of you know him as I do, for his story has travelled to many people. You see, this young man has been stricken with infantile paralysis for many years now. His bed is placed in front of a window in a front room of the house. There he lies, year in and year out, watching the passing traffic. It's a sort of tradition with people who know about my friend to honk their horns as they drive past his house. He appreciates this little act of kindness more than we know, and in answer to the honking of a horn, one can always see in the window a frail white arm go up in a wave and fall back again onto the bed.

Now, honking a horn to an invalid doesn't seem like much of a kindness to do, but for that young man it takes some of the drudgery out of lying in bed all the time.

There are many other instances when you can give a helping hand to others. It doesn't make any difference what you do, but whenever you have a chance to help someone out, remember my friend, the boy who waits for just the honking of a horn!

### Freshman Lyrics

Hark! Listen to that deep, dark sound  
Like drums resounding, coming near!  
'Tis only Thunder coming 'round  
To make his annual visit here.

Jane Nord

-----  
The berry is a rosy red,  
The fern, a brilliant green;  
The spruces form a scented bed  
On which small insects dream.

The silent pines, like guards do stand,  
While gentle breezes blow,  
And bravely guard the fairy land  
As down doth drift the snow.

Betty Murrill

-----  
The lightning flashes in the sky,  
And rains in torrents fall;  
The thunder clouds go roaring by,  
And waves on shore do call.

Clifford Tyler

### Sound of the Surf of the Sea

Frances Quinn, '47

Waves of the wide and blue-colored sea,  
Bearing glad tidings from home unto me,  
Tossing so freely from pole unto pole  
As round our earth you onward roll.

Rolling and tossing, so sweet is the sound,  
Pressing on forward with one joyful bound,  
Heed not the rough craggy stones in your way;  
Roll on forever, from day unto day.

Your music ever so pleasing to hear  
Delights us, striking so sweet on the ear;  
The winds now are ceasing and go with a sigh,  
Leaving the music now slowly to die.

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<i>Thérèse</i> .....	Annette Milliken
<i>Madam Elise</i> .....	Isabelle Murphy
<i>Monsieur de la Croix</i> .....	James Goddard
<i>Window Cleaner</i> .....	Laroy Bonney

The play was ably directed by Miss Eleanor Gile, who has done such splendid work directing the high school plays in the past.

"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" was enjoyed by everyone, young and old alike. Congratulations to all who were connected with the production.







#### CHEERLEADERS

FIRST ROW: G. Hill, A. Milliken, N. Wyman, A. Limper, V. Mongeau.

SECOND ROW: P. Mitchell, L. Cerilli, M. Peirce, L. Reddy, V. Goddard.





#### GIRLS' HOCKEY

FIRST ROW: P. Cahir, V. Mongeau, J. Holcomb, C. Chadbourne, A. Milliken, N. Wyman, P. Manning.

SECOND ROW: Assistant Manager, L. Reddy, E. Noble, S. Chadbourne, J. Prouty, N. Breen, K. Manning, Manager G. Hill, Miss Moulton, Coach.

## Field Hockey

Mary Roy, '49

ONCE again the girls' hockey team has come through as South Shore Champions. Our record, although not a clean sweep as we'd like, was nevertheless impressive with six wins, one tie, and one loss. The season started badly when we returned from an optimistic trip to Cohasset on the short end of a 3 to 1 score. After that defeat, we took Hanover, Braintree, Kingston and Hanover in that order. Then once again we met the strong Cohasset team and after a rough game came through with a 1 to 1 tie. The following two games were easy victories over Plymouth and Hingham.

Our first team players were Annette Milliken, Pat Manning, Pat Cahir, Virginia Mongeau, Ligi Goddard, Nancy Wyman, Cynthia Chadbourne, Shirley Chadbourne, Jean Holcomb, Lois Karvonen, Jean Prouty, Eleanor Noble and our two freshman representatives, Nancy Breen and Kathleen Manning. High scorers for the year were Annette Milliken and Pat Manning.

The second team, too, showed promise of being champions in years to come. The girls playing on the second team were Marjorie Macy, Frances Dwight, Ann Arapoff, Sheila Mongeau, Josephine Miles, Ann Robischeau, Frances Dyer, Jane Keyes, Marion Dowd, Helen Dowd, Mary Dwight, Virginia Day, Fay Bissell, Jean Vines, Joan Castles, Margaret Noble, and Mary Roy. They lost one game to Hingham and tied Braintree and Plymouth.

The scores of the first team games were as follows:

Scituate 1	Cohasset 3
Scituate 2	Hanover 1
Scituate 2	Braintree 1
Scituate 2	Kingston 0
Scituate 3	Hanover 1
Scituate 1	Cohasset 1
Scituate 2	Plymouth 0
Scituate 1	Hingham 0

The team was ably coached by Miss Ruth Moulton and efficiently managed by Gladys Hill, and assistant manager, Louise Reddy.





## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

FIRST ROW: P. Manning, P. Cahir, V. Mongeau, C. Chadbourne, A. Milliken, N. Wyman, S. Turner.

SECOND ROW: Manager B. Robisneau, M. Noble, K. Manning, J. Prouty, M. Peirce, Assistant Manager J. Keyes, Miss Ruth Moulton, Coach.

## Girls' Basketball — '47

Virginia Day and Patricia Goddard, '49

FOR the sixth consecutive year the Scituate High girls' basketball team rolled on to victory as league champions. The loss of only one game to Hanover broke a record of a perfect score.

The girls who made this winning streak possible were all seniors with the exception of Jean Prouty and Mary Noble. Cynthia Chadbourne, Shirley Turner, Patricia Cahir, Jean Prouty, Nancy Wyman, Patricia Manning, Annette Milliken, Virginia Mongeau and Deborah Andrews combined to make a fine team. Barbara Robisneau was manager and Jane Keyes, assistant manager and time-keeper.

A new schedule of afternoon games was put into effect this year, as a result of which the second team had a chance to play one game a week with opponents from another school. This experience will give them confidence for next year. The Junior Varsity lettermen were A. Arapoff, M. Macy, Marg. Noble, N. Breen, M. Roy, S. Mongeau, J. Tobin, K. Manning, M. Peirce, V. Day, M. Noble, V. Goddard, L. Goddard, and J. Holcomb.

## Players

Forwards	Pts.
Jean Prouty .....	196
Cynthia Chadbourne† .....	96
Virginia Mongeau .....	32
Shirley Turner .....	32
Patricia Cahir .....	24

Total ..... 280  
† Played guard first three games.

## \* Guards

Nancy Wyman	Jean Holcomb
Patricia Manning	Deborah Andrews
Annette Milliken	Mary Noble

## Kathleen Manning

## Schedule

*Scituate 10	Pembroke 9
*Scituate 11	Kingston 10
Scituate 37	Marshfield 26
Scituate 15	Norwell 14
*Scituate 30	Duxbury 17
*Scituate 36	Cohasset 19
*Scituate 27	Hanover 20
Scituate 23	Kingston 18
Scituate 21	Pembroke 20
Scituate 18	Hanover 21
*Scituate 51	Marshfield 27
*Scituate 33	Norwell 24
Scituate 33	Duxbury 15
Scituate 37	Cohasset 34

\*Home Games.



#### FOOTBALL

FIRST ROW: J. Varney, R. Ewell, F. Cole, A. Jenkins, R. Whittaker, M. Snow.

SECOND ROW: R. Devine, V. Dunphy, Coach Stewart, T. Breen, L. Dwyer.

THIRD ROW: T. Butler, T. Bell, A. Atkins, R. Fallon.

## Football

*Robert Devine, '47*

THE return of Lt. "Ed" Stewart to the Scituate High School faculty assured the team of a successful season.

It was a varied assortment of candidates that turned out for football practice on September 8, but the patience and expert coaching of Mr. Stewart soon transformed them into a promising team, although only three members of the squad were experienced players.

We lost our first game to Somerset, 0-13, and our first home game to Medfield, 7-12. Our next game, with Marshfield, raised our hopes for a successful season. This was the first league game and we walked off the field with a 33-0 victory. After defeating Marshfield, the team seemed to develop new spark and went on to defeat Millis, 54-27. With two victories to our credit, the game with Stetson attracted a large number of fans. In the first of the third quarter, with the score 0-0, Scituate held Stetson for four downs on their own two-yard line. The resulting score 0-0 seemed more of a victory than a tie for Scituate.

November 11 proved to be a trying experience for the team of '46. They met that day on the Hanover field to compete for the South Shore League Championship. Scituate scored in the first quarter and again in the second, making the score at the half 12-0 in favor of Scituate. In the third period Hanover blocked a kick and then scored on a forward pass. Again in the last two minutes of the game Hanover scored and made the conversion. Hanover then led 12-14. With thirty seconds to play Scituate took the ball. There was a fake, a lateral pass, and then a forward pass. Our end, L. Dwyer, completed the pass and was tackled on the three-yard line where the game immediately ended.

The very same week in which Scituate experienced this tragic disappointment they were scheduled to meet the powerful Oliver Ames team. It was the last home game of the season, and a large crowd gathered to see whether or not the boys had lost their pep. Although very much outweighed, the

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## BOYS' BASKETBALL

FIRST ROW: M. Spinola, V. Dunphy, J. Goddard, J. Devine, G. Cobbett, T. Butler.

SECOND ROW: Manager R. Rich, H. Fettig, J. Bates, R. Whittaker, H. Welch, Coach E. Stewart.

## Basketball

*Tom Breen, '47*

THE Scituate High basketball team started the season coached by Mr. Stewart, our former athletic director, who has returned from service in the navy. The team showed its possibilities by defeating Pembroke 28 to 21 in the first game. One of the most outstanding games of the year was with Kingston at Kingston. In the last quarter the score was tied, 30-30, with only a minute to play. Scituate broke the tie with a foul shot and then with a few seconds remaining got a basket to end the game 33 to 30 for Scituate. The best game of the year was the Scituate-Hanover game at Hanover. Hanover had defeated us on our own floor and anticipated an easy victory. But Scituate really "went to town," and edged out Hanover 44-42. This defeat broke Hanover's long record of victories for the past several years.

The following boys were on the '47 basketball team: T. Butler, H. Welch, R. Whittaker, G. Cobbett, J. Goddard, M. Spinola, J. Devine, V. Dunphy, H. Fettig, and J. Bates.

## Schedule of Games

*Home Team*

Scituate 28  
 Scituate 34  
 Scituate 49  
 Scituate 38  
 Scituate 42  
 Scituate 47  
 Scituate 34  
 Scituate 33  
 Scituate 34  
 Scituate 44  
 Scituate 22  
 Scituate 37  
 Scituate 33  
 Scituate 40

*Opponents*

Pembroke 21  
 Kingston 37\*  
 Marshfield 42\*  
 Norwell 32  
 Duxbury 23  
 Cohasset 29\*  
 Hanover 44\*  
 Kingston 30  
 Pembroke 44  
 Hanover 42  
 Marshfield 39  
 Norwell 34\*  
 Duxbury 40\*  
 Cohasset 28

\* Home games.





## BOYS' BASEBALL

FIRST ROW: H. Fettig, D. Mahoney, R. Ewell, A. Jenkins, R. Whittaker, H. Welch.

SECOND ROW: T. Butler, E. Meyers, J. Goddard, Manager R. Dunphy, M. Spinola, G. Cobbett, B. Durant.

## Baseball

AT the beginning of the season, there was great hope for the future of the baseball team. A large number of veteran players as well as many promising newcomers showed up for practice on April 1.

Some of the return players from last year's team include B. Durant, M. Spinola, G. Cobbett, H. Welch, R. Ewell, A. Jenkins, J. Goddard, H. Fettig, D. Mahoney, R. Whittaker, and T. Butler. Newcomers are P. Arapoff, P. Avery, T. Flaherty, D. Hendrickson, J. Ketterer, E. Merritt, E. Meyers, R. Rich, R. Rose, J. Stewart, J. Varney, E. Veiga. Robert Dunphy is manager of the team.

matched and eager to claim a victory, Scituate came through with a 6-0 victory.

The result of the entire season was four wins, one tie, and three losses. The team scored a total of one hundred thirty-eight points.

Letter men were fb, A. Jenkins; rhb, R. Ewell; lhb, R. Whittaker; gb, R. Devine; re, L. Dwyer; le, V. Dunphy; rh, M. Snow; lh, A. Atkins; rg, J. Varney; lg, F. Cole; c, R. Fallon.

Substitutes were M. Spinola, J. Flynn, J. Santia, T. Butler, T. Breen, T. Bell, G. Henderson, J. Devine, O. McMorrow, H. Welch, R. Duffey and D. Merritt.

## FOOTBALL

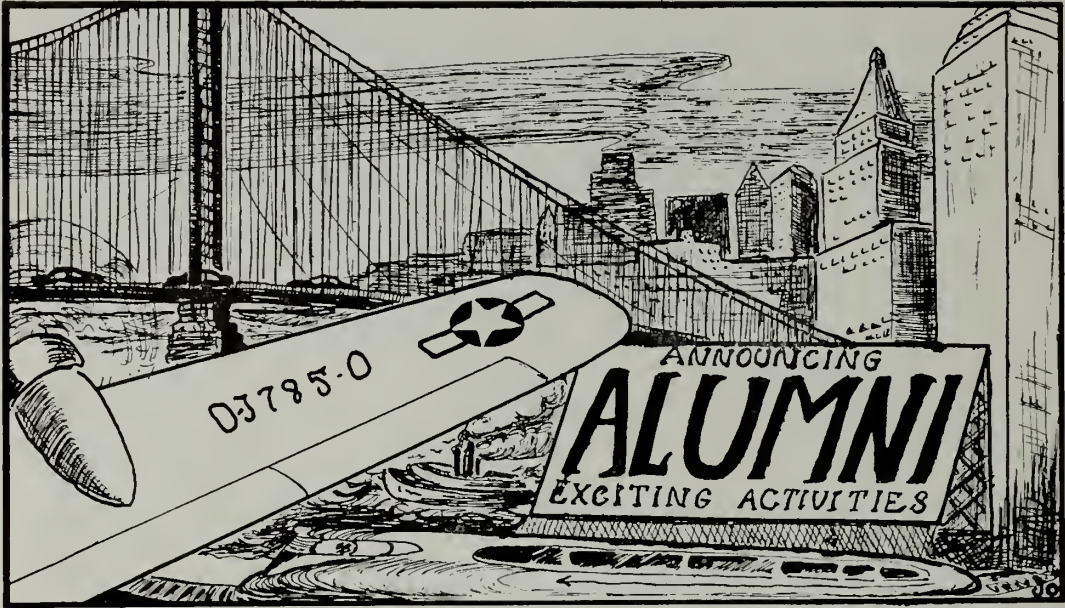
Continued from Page 41)

Scituate eleven staged a wonderful comeback and struggled through to a 26-13 victory. In this one game every member of the team proved outstanding and displayed a great deal of spirit and good football.

Our traditional Thanksgiving Day game with Cohasset proved to be a very exciting one. Although both teams were evenly

## Schedule of Games

	Scituate	Opponents
Somerset .....	0	13
Medfield .....	7	12
Marshfield .....	33	0
Millis .....	54	27
Stetson .....	0	0
Hanover .....	12	14
Oliver Ames .....	26	13
Cohasset .....	6	0



## Alumni

*Gladys Hill, '47; Louise Reddy, '48*

ATTENTION! Members of the classes of 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, here is news of your former classmates.

### THE CLASS OF 1946

An exceptionally large number of the class of '46, after leaving our portals, went on to higher education. Twenty-three of the forty-eight graduates are now in college, a proportion which reflects especial credit on the students and on the school in a year when colleges refused many candidates from high schools because of veterans' priorities. Among these we find two graduates at M. I. T. Others are enrolled in various colleges and institutions.

Charlotte Allen, Mass. Institute of Physiotherapy  
 Ellen Callahan, French School of Design  
 Louis Cerilli, Boston College  
 Carol Dunphy, Simmons College  
 Richard Flaherty, Newman Preparatory School  
 Charles Fleming, Colgate University  
 Ann Graham, Walnut Hill  
 Donald Hattin, Mass. State College  
 Anne Heffernan, Immaculata College  
 Robert Holcomb, Colgate University  
 John Litchfield, Mass. Institute of Technology  
 Marie McCarthy, Mount Ida College  
 Helen McDonald, Regis College  
 Anne McKenzie, Garland School  
 Donald McPherson, Mass. Institute of Technology  
 Paul Miles, Hartwick College

Joan Powers, Emerson College  
 Patricia Rouleau, Regis College  
 Ward Swift, Jr., Boston University  
 Barbara Tindall, Oberlin College  
 Charles Vickery, Boston College  
 Betty Ann Welch, Green Mountain Junior College  
 Daniel Yuhr, Tufts College

If you are near any of the railroad stations around eight in the morning, you will see the following alumni boarding the train for various points north:

Audrey Ainslie, The Alves Studio, Braintree  
 Robert Mongeau, Wm. H. Filene Co. and Mass. Electrical School  
 Madeline Riani, Boston Herald-Traveler

Three fortunate members of the class of '46 have had the privilege of traveling. Jean Hersey has moved to California with her family and is now working as a telephone operator there. Steve Jenney and Sarge Bartlett have joined the army and are certainly seeing the world. Steve is in Korea, and Sarge is in Japan.

We found that not all of the class of '46 have deserted dear old Scituate. The following have taken positions in Scituate business firms:

Eleanor Bates, Scituate Post Office  
 Peggy Cole, Scituate Cleansers  
 Ann Curran, The Copper Lantern  
 Jean Franzen, The Welch Company  
 Maybelle Manning, The Copper Lantern  
 Bill Vining, Young's Garage  
 Ruth Whittaker, Scituate Co-operative Bank

Four members of the class have made home-making their career. Emily Feola is now Mrs. Kenneth Mitchell; Thelma Jenkins, Mrs. David Newell; Jessie Warren, Mrs. Spinzola; Marjorie Whittaker, Mrs. Charles Turner.

#### CLASS OF 1945

As we search back into the annals of the school, we find that on June 7, 1945, a class graduated from Scituate High that will go down in history as the illustrious class of '45.

The students who are successfully established in schools and colleges are as follows:

Ann Page, Sargent College  
 Kenny Stone, Fitchburg State Teachers College  
 Edward Swift, Hartwick College  
 Ann Butler, Sargent College  
 Polly Hardwick, Museum School of Art

Paul Mahoney, whose high school education was interrupted by his service in the Army, is attending Scituate High school and will receive his diploma in June.

Several members of this class are working for "Uncle Sam" in various branches of the service. Tommy Macy, after successfully completing a year at Tufts College, is in the Army and is going to radio school in Japan. Charlie Stenbeck, Richard Damon, Dick Jenkins and Louis McDonald are in the Army. Bill Dacey is in the Navy. Scott Amiot is at the Maritime Academy in Hyannis.

Some members of this class preferred the business field and are established in various lines:

Tom Chadbourne is working in Boston.  
 Carmel Manning works for the Massachusetts Bonding Co.  
 Beverly Newcomb works for the Bailey Co.  
 Mary Santia works at the Peterson Real Estate Office in Cohasset.  
 Shirley Litchfield is a private secretary at Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.  
 Theresa Steverman works at New England Mutual Insurance Co.  
 Emily Whittaker works for the Welch Co.  
 Jimmie McCarthy and Marilyn Ewell work for their respective fathers, Jimmy, plumbing, and Marilyn in the radio shop.

George O'Neill and Charles Patterson are lobstering.

Josephine Arcana works for the John Hancock Insurance Co. in Boston.

Eileen Bickford is a bookkeeper.

Kathleen Brown works at the Town Hall.

Myron Litchfield works for the Town of Scituate now, but plans to attend Wentworth Technical Institute.

Wedding bells have pealed for many in the class of '45: Elizabeth Stark is Mrs. Daniel Duffley; Jackie Cole, Mrs. Roger Damon; Katherine Duffey, Mrs. Richard Hunt; Mary Fresina, Mrs. Frank Scrano.

Henry Zollin and Vilo Ahola were recently discharged from the service.

#### CLASS OF 1944

News Flash!! We've just got the "inside" story on the class of '44.

Many of the '44 alumni are in colleges and schools all over the country.

Marguerite Bartlett is at UCLA in Los Angeles, California.

Richard Bresnahan is attending Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Robert Cogswell will be at Bryant and Stratton in the fall.

Merial Bonney is training to be a nurse at the Faulkner Hospital.

Louis Bournazos is at Tufts College.

Merilyn Damon, a junior at Mount Holyoke, has recently passed examinations to become a basketball official with a national rating.

Frank Hall is at Franklin Technical Institute. Those incomparable Devine twins, Mary and Peggy, are at Boston Teachers College.

Jane Evans is at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Marilyn Fisher is training to be a nurse at Newton Hospital.

June Goddard is attending Boston University School of Business Administration.

Paul James is at Northeastern University.

Fay Joseph is on an Indian reservation in Oklahoma as part of her nurse's training course at Quincy Hospital.

Mary Queeney is at Simmons College.

Two girls of the class of '44 are working on newspapers. Beverly Briggs is a reporter on the *Washington Evening Star* and Jean Cole works for the *Boston American*.



Other girls and boys of the class of '44 are working in various other fields.

Walter Allen is learning the plumbing trade with Norman Reddy.

Arthur Anderson is in the fuel business with his brother.

Nancy Davis works as a dental assistant for her father.

Edith Dwyer is working at the Satuit Playhouse.

Bob Finnie is working as a mechanic for his brother Alden.

Mim Flynn is missing.

Mary McCormack is working at National Shawmut Bank, in Boston.

Kay Peirce is working at the Hingham Trust Company.

Betty Vickery is working at Smith-Patterson's in Boston.

Bob Withem, Kay Whittaker, and Roger Zollin are working at the First National at Scituate Harbor.

Paul O'Neill is working in Boston.

Ted Holland and Jimmie Travers are in the Army.

Joan Condit is teaching public speaking in Worcester.

The class of '44 has had its share of brides in the last three years.

Laura May Brown is now Mrs. Fred Houghton; Ethel Hollis, Mrs. John Brown; Shirley Huntley, Mrs. Theodore Sorenson; Barbara Johndrow, Mrs. Jack Morris; Shirley Shea, Mrs. Ray Connolly; Evelyn Vinal, Mrs. Edward Lapham; Barbara Billings, Mrs. Donald Appel.

Arnold "Skip" Fuller, Lyman Preston, and Robert Rouleau were recently discharged from the service. "Skippy" will attend Springfield College of Physical Education in the fall.

#### THE CLASS OF 1943

Fourteen of the members of the class of '43 are attending schools and colleges.

Donald Appel has recently entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Barbara Allen is at Perry Kindergarten, Normal School, Boston.

Ray Amsden is at college in Pennsylvania.

Pat Butler is attending Harvard University.

Marjorie Hattin is at Amherst.

Robert Hendrickson is at Boston University.

Mary Quinn is at Nasson College, Springvale, Maine.

Joan Rouleau is at Smith College.

Howard Tindall is attending Brown University.

Jerome Walsh is at Seton Hall College in Pennsylvania.

Earle Watts is at the University of Missouri.

Francis "Buff" Anderson is at Massachusetts State College.

"Matt" Miles is at Antioch College in Ohio.

Frances Williams is a senior at the University of New Hampshire.

Three members of the class of '43 are far, far away from Scituate. Don Sullivan is working in California. Helen Litchfield is in Washington, D. C., and John Wilder has gone back to England.

Quite a few "gals" have become home-makers since their graduation from S.H.S. four years ago. Claire Burns is now Mrs. Robert E. Holland; Frances Conte is Mrs. Laurence Govani; Virginia Dubois, Mrs. Walter Reed; Marion Hill, Mrs. Joseph Nee; Ruthann Kingsley, Mrs. Charles Bartlett; Mariesta La Vange, Mrs. Peter Spirakoff; Helen Stark, Mrs. Fred Wheeler; Jean Wagner, Mrs. Harry Cook; and Genevieve Wilder, Mrs. William Schultz.

Of course in every class there are some better business men and women, and the class of '43 is no exception. Many of its members have attained success in various business fields.

Patricia Crowley is working at Liberty Mutual Insurance Company, Boston.

Donald Dwyer is working at the A&P, Scituate Harbor.

Ronald Drew is working for Boston and Maine Railroad.

Martha Lavoine is at Rockland Trust Company, Scituate Harbor.

Maria Mansfield has her own studio in Boston and is very successful.

Pat McLean is at Howard Johnson's, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

Lillian Santia is at the Blue Cross office on Hawley Street, Boston.

Dorothy Secor is a secretary in Hingham.

Anne Steverman is at New England Mutual Insurance Company.

Robert Sylvester is working for his father.

Fred O'Neil is lobstering.

John Travers is in the Army.

John Billings is working for the D. S. Kennedy Company at Cohasset.

Eben Bearce is working for the Arthur Palmer Company.

Cecelia Vickery is a hostess for the New Haven Railroad.



## Jokes

Carol Cross, '49

*Bell:* One mouse trap, please, in a hurry.  
I have to catch a bus.

*Bob Dunphy:* Sorry, our traps don't come  
that big.

*Mr. Wilcox:* What outstanding contribu-  
tion has chemistry made to the world?

*Fallon:* Blondes.

*Mr. Rogers:* Where do we find *mangoes*?

*Rencurrel:* Where woman goes!

### AT THE OPERA

*Little Boy:* Hey, mom, what's that man  
shaking his stick at that woman for?

*Mother:* Hush, son, that man's the conduc-  
tor. He's not shaking his stick at her.

*Little Boy:* Then what's she yelling about?

*Gerry:* Do you love me?

*Hoker:* Yes, darling, I do.

*Gerry:* Would you die for me?

*Hoker:* No, mine is undying love.

*Miss Dudley:* What's a metaphor?

*Webb:* To keep cows in, of course!

Gloria Luce, '49

During sixth period in laboratory:

*Mr. Wilcox:* Avery, how many bones have  
you in your body?

*Avery:* 900.

*Mr. Wilcox:* That's a great deal more than  
I have.

*Avery:* Well, you didn't have sardines for  
lunch.

*Vinnie:* Do you refuse to kiss me?

*Mary:* I never have.

*Vinnie:* What, never been kissed?

*Mary:* No, never refused.

*Atkins:* Come on, Tom, let's go to a show.

*Bell:* Sorry, I'm saving my money.

*Atkins:* What for?

*Bell:* I'm going to buy a seeing-eye dog.  
I'm falling in love.

*Atkins:* What's the dog for?

*Bell:* They say that love is blind.

*Bubby:* You know, one of the things I like  
about you is your high I. Q.

*Nancy:* I I. Q., too, Bubby.

*Waite:* Say, Dave, where can I get "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address"?

*Schultz:* I don't know, what ya goin' ta do, write him a letter?

*Miss Giles:* If you had 6 apples, ate 2, gave 3 away, and held 1, how many would you have?

*Eaton:* Three.

*Miss Giles:* Three?

*Eaton:* Sure, two inside and one out.

*Jane:* I'm taking driving lessons, learning pretty fast, too.

*Phyllis:* Oh yeh! I heard you were almost in an accident the other day. What happened?

*Jane:* How should I know? My eyes were closed.

### Believe It or Not!

*Ozzie:* Say, Don, I want your advice on something. I've taken Janice to three shows, two dances, bought her cokes, walked her home from school, etc. Do you think I should kiss her when I take her home tonight?

*Waite:* Heck, no! You've done enough for her already.

Harold Jenkins, while visiting Secor one day saw him shaking a rabbit vigorously and shouting, "What are five and five? What are five and five?"

*Jenkins:* What ya doin', Russ?

*Secor:* Well, someone said that rabbits multiply fast but this dumb bunny can't even add.

*Bob Dunphy:* What'll it be, Briggs?

*Briggs:* Ginger ale.

*Bob:* Pale?

*Briggs:* Oh, no! Just a glass.

*Mr. Wilcox:* I'm going to try a new experiment. If anything goes wrong, we'll be blown through the roof. Now then, I want you all to come closer so you can follow me better.

*Malba:* Did you see "The Jolson Story" with Larry Parks?

*Frannie:* No, I saw it with Murray Snow.

*Larry:* You're a dumbell!

*Bubby:* Well, pal, dumbbells always go in pairs.

*Fallon:* Did your pop help you with your math last night?

*Amiot:* No, I got it all wrong myself.

*Miss Gile:* The sentence, "The man went down the street" is past tense. Now what tense is, "I found fifty cents?"

*Chad:* Pre-tense.

*Dee:* It's not that I mind your going out with other girls, Bob; it's just that I thought you should spend more time on your stamp collecting.

*Dave:* Boy Burt! Look at that gal over there HUBBA! HUBBA!!

*Burt:* You like girls I gather.

*Dave:* I like gals anybody gathers.

*Robinson:* What is the matter with Dimp?  
*Stewart:* He just washed a piece of ice in the bucket of water and now he can't find it.

*Spang:* Why don't you like girls?

*P. Mahoney:* They're too biased.

*Spang:* Biased?

*P. Mahoney:* Yeah! Bias this and bias that and in no time you're broke.

### IN GEOMETRY CLASS

*Teacher:* What is a hypotenuse?

*Robinson:* The largest animal in the zoo.

*Gladys Hill:* Weren't you excited when he bought you all those expensive presents?

*Annelaine:* No! I just kept calm and collected.

### Exchanges

*Deborah Andrews, '47*

During the course of the year 1946, our exchange department has received magazines of several different schools.

We have received publications from Hanover (the *Hanoverian*), Kingston (the *Independence*), Pembroke (the *Mattakesett*), Plymouth (the *Pilgrim*), Braintree (the *Wampatuck*), and Abington High School (the *Ablis*).

We wish to thank our neighboring schools for sending us their magazines, and compliment them highly on their fine issues.





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